

No. 1442.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855.

PRICE
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
The PROFESSORSHIP OF CHEMISTRY is NOW VACANT, in consequence of the Resignation of Mr. GRAHAM, who has received the appointment of Master of the Mint.—Applications for the Office and Testimonials will be received on or before MONDAY, the 2nd JULY.

May 28, 1855. CHAS. C. ATKINSON,
Secretary to the Council.

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SIXTH YEAR'S ISSUE TO SUBSCRIBERS.
Eight large Wood Engravings, by Messrs. DALZIEL, from Mr. W. OLIVER WILLIAMS'S series of Drawings, from the Frescoes by GIOTTO, in the Arena Chapel, Padua.
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ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, Regent's Park.
The EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN PLANTS will take place on MONDAY next, June 18. Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens only, by orders from Fellows or Members of the Society, prior, to-day, at 5, on Monday, 7s. 6d. each. In consequence of the unusual weather during the Spring, the different kinds of American Plants now exhibited are flowering at the same time. They will be in perfection on Monday.
Gates open at 2 o'clock.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the NEXT EXHIBITION OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT, in the SOCIETY'S GARDEN, will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 20, at 2 P.M. Tickets, price 5s. each, can be procured at this Office, upon presenting the order of a Fellow; or on the day of the Meeting, at Turpin Green, price 5s. 6d. each.
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ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.
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RICHARD ASPDEN, Assistant Secretary.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.
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MONTI'S LECTURES ON ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURE.—The Fourth of these Lectures will be delivered on WEDNESDAY, June 20. Subscribers and single Night Tickets to be had of Mrs. L. MONTI, Pall Mall East.

GORE HOUSE, KENSINGTON.—The ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of advanced Works by Students in Metropolitan and Provincial Schools of Art is NOW OPEN, daily, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Admission free.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, Canon-row, Westminster.
THE ANNUAL CONVERSATION will be held on MONDAY, June 25, at 8 o'clock.
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The Entrance to the Museum is from Parliament-street, near Richmond-terrace. HENRY CLUTTON, Hon. Sec.

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Invitations will be sent to any who may intimate their desire to be present.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855.

REVIEWS

Sketches of the Irish Bar; with Essays, Literary and Political. By William Henry Curran, Esq. 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

Mr. Curran's 'Sketches of the Irish Bar,' in this reprint, have many claims on our attention. The author's name on the title-page awakens expectations of brilliancy and lively thought; and the contents of the work show that the first of the family did not carry with him all his intellectual wealth to the grave. Our English political houses are not dependent on single reputations. Sydneys, Russells, Temples, St. Johns, Walpoles, Pitts, Foxes, and many more, have been affluent in celebrities. In Ireland, without looking to the great historical races of Norman extraction, like the Fitzgeralds and Butlers, the bright name of Sheridan has hitherto been taken as the exception to the rule of the families of brilliant Irishmen not supporting their founder's fame. Flood, Grattan, Hussey Burgh, Edmund Burke, Yelverton (Lord Avonmore), Plunket, Bushe, O'Connell, shine with the radiance of solitary stars. In the case of Curran, another exception is marked in a style which advertises to the literary world that the old fire is not extinct.

The publication in a separate form of these "Sketches" enables us to compare their literary merits with Mr. Sheil's contributions.

The distinction between the qualities of the two essayists is marked by broad outlines. In Mr. Curran's "Sketches" the tone is more joyous and social than in Sheil's writings. Sheil had more solid matter, and worked at it with partizan zeal. Scarcely less strong in his political sympathies, Mr. Curran is not practically mixed up in the fury of faction. There is excessive personality and much detraction in most of what Sheil wrote about his opponents; on the other hand, Mr. Curran heightens the merits of the friends of "Emancipation," rather than blackens its adversaries. He is never corrosive, though he can be sarcastic when he pleases. As the practised rhetorician is visible in every page of Sheil's articles, so in Mr. Curran's the tone of a genial man of the world, amused with the follies of mankind, gives an airy lightness and a freshness which were often wanting in the papers of his hard-worked friend and fellow labourer. As a professional writer Sheil was more efficient; as a casual contributor Mr. Curran was more agreeable.

The defects and merits of the whole series spring from the levity with which they were written. Their moral tone is not higher than that of the Dublin Literary Whigs of thirty years ago, who seemed to have believed that vice and virtue were to be solved by *for* or *against* "Emancipation."

Any one familiar with society in the capitals of Scotland and Ireland must have noticed the peculiarities of the Tories and Whigs of the two cities. The Irish Tories have little of that sympathy for "Cavaliers" and sentimental love of "Monarchy" observable in their brethren of Edinburgh; and philosophy never found in Dublin so many Whig votaries as in the Scotch metropolis. Wit rather than thought,—eloquence more than reasoning,—sentiment, not science,—were the characteristics of the literary Whigs of Ireland thirty years ago. In society, the Scotch Whigs have often made us think of the professor's room and its didactic formality; and in their literary exercises the Irish Whigs recall to us the pleasant dinner-tables of Dublin. Problems raised to be solved in pleasantry,—arguments supported by anecdotes, refuted by epigrams, and forgotten in the bubbles of champagne,—a conversation frisking between frag-

ments of invectives and effusions of pure fun,—from Corinth to Connaught, from the Forum to the Four Courts,—such are the gifts of memory to any social observer who has spent a happy week in Dublin in those circles where the Whigs of other days are revered as household deities. That school had its strong and weak points. Its superficiality could sparkle; and when it wrangled it was witty. There was fancy even in its light froth, and *vis comica* in its virulence. When it became malignant against the authorities at the "Castle," its enraged epigrammatists made one think of Farquhar and Sheridan. Its politics were as pleasantly peppered as the talk in a green-room—as light, as personal, as anecdotic, and as apt to confound the star-spangled strutters of the scene with real historical characters. The *ephemerides* of Vice-regal life became invested to its Gaelic fancy with mammoth-like proportions. *Tom Thumb*, sent over as a Lord Lieutenant, was wondered at as colossal while he was "on this side,"—but if he was upon "the other side" the telescope was reversed, and his dwarfish existence was scoffed at as merely entomological in scintillating sneers. "Be earnest," said the unsympathizing English:—"be epigrammatic," cried the prophets at Dublin, who would believe in nothing unless it flashed. Their polemical spirit was as full of points as the Irish sea-coast, and as barren in everything—except striking effects. The purely convivial destroyed much of the original in their natures. A new joker was hailed as an original thinker, and a man who would not sacrifice truth to an antithesis was looked on as decidedly an odd fellow. Hence supper-tables were illumined and periodicals made pleasant by masterly professors of pungency. Songs, not systems,—repartees, not reasoning,—crackling jests, not confuting logic,—marked the literary and oral effusions of the school, which appears to have died away in the contention of succeeding factions, whose assailants were more brawny, though less brilliant, than their predecessors. The light-comedy politicians of their day ornamented society, if they could not rule it, and they had personal spirit as well as Hibernian wit. They would not have objected to a Donnybrook battle, on condition that none but gentlemen rioters were allowed, and that no dull fellow unable to crack jokes should aspire to the fun of cracking skulls.

We accept these sparkling essays as characteristic of the time and country in which they were written. Since then the world has been moving on fast, and it has been discovered that the real evils of Ireland were social rather than political. Economy has offered to perform what Emancipation failed to achieve; science has taken the place of sentiment; and an Exodus following a famine has distanced the efforts of legislation. In nothing have these essays more to contend against, when reprinted, than in the Irish subject having been overworked since they were written.

Yet Mr. Curran's papers stand the trial well. His picture of O'Connell as a barrister at Dublin is the best ever drawn of that remarkable person. It is the agitator of 1825—not of 1835; of the Corn Exchange—and not of Parliament. He makes us see clearly how in his own amazing personal resources O'Connell had means of gaining ascendancy over his country. Every sketch in the whole series of papers—both of Sheil's and Mr. Curran's—fades before the new matter introduced to us here. 'The Conversations with Chief Justice Bushe' are a charming collection of curious anecdote, and they are now printed for the first time. Mr. Curran states that, for the sake of curiosity, he

tried how far he could imitate Boswell, and he took down the conversation of the Chief Justice for two days. He thus picturesquely introduces the anecdotes.—

"Just after the close of the summer circuits of the year 1826, I went, by invitation, to stay for some time with him at his old ancestral place of residence, Kilmurry, in the county of Kilkenny. He was, according to his annual custom, passing his long vacation there, surrounded by a numerous family circle. I had the good luck to be the only stranger, and thus came to be at his side, and to have him all to myself, for many hours daily. * * Every day at one o'clock a pair of horses were brought to his hall door for us. From the heat of the weather (it was 'the hot summer of 1826') we always moved along merely at a walking pace; secure, however, from the same state of the weather, against any annoyance from sudden showers. We seldom returned to Kilmurry before five o'clock. Then came dinner, and at no long interval, tea; and the moment tea was over the Chief Justice rose, and proposed to me a stroll with him through the grounds. We had no occasion to keep to the gravel walks; the grass was as dry as the carpets we had left; and accordingly his habit was to push on at once for the fields, and plunging into them, and crossing and recrossing them, to prolong the stroll often till the approach of midnight."

The stories are excellent of their kind, and have the flavour of Walpoliana; but the vivacity of Boswell is not attained, for the Chief Justice is allowed to speak in monologue.

We are first ushered into the presence of George the Fourth and Lady Conyngham at Slane Castle.—

"Saurin and I went down together, and arrived barely in time to dress for dinner. I had never been seen by the King, but once at the levee. On going down stairs, I met him coming up. The rencontre was most embarrassing, for I imagined that he would not recognise me, but I was at once relieved. He said, 'Bushe, I believe you don't know the ways of this house,' and taking me under the arm, conducted me to the drawing-room. In one moment I was as much at my ease as if I had been his daily companion. I sat opposite to him at dinner. The first words he addressed to me were these (Lady Conyngham, who sat next to him, had been whispering something in his ear).—'Bushe, you never would guess what Lady Conyngham has been saying to me. She has been repeating a passage from one of your speeches against the Union.' He saw that I started, and was rather at a loss for what to say, and instantly changed the subject by recommending me to try a particular French dish, from which he had been just helped. 'This (said he) I can recommend as the perfection of cookery. My cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, often produces it for his guests, but always fails in it. It is the same with all his dishes. He has a remarkable talent for giving bad dinners.'"

—We can readily imagine that Bushe must have been nervous when he heard his famous speech against the Union mentioned. In 'The Court and Cabinets of George the Third' (recently reviewed by us), one of the officials at the Castle significantly alludes to it: "Bushe, the lawyer, made a wicked speech against us." But let us hear the King upon the Union. The following is very curious.—

"The King soon after returned to the Union. 'My early opinion was (said he, addressing Saurin) that you and the Solicitor-General's opposition to the measure was well founded, and since I have seen this glorious people, and the effects produced by it, that opinion is confirmed; but (he added, as if correcting himself) I am sure you will agree with me in considering that, now the measure is carried, you would both feel it your duty to resist any attempt to repeal it with as much zeal as you originally opposed it. But you all committed a great mistake. Instead of direct opposition, you should have made terms, as the Scotch did, and you could have got good terms.' He then summed up some of the principal stipulations of the Scotch Union (he had history at his fingers' ends). Saurin said (a very odd remark,

as it struck me, to come from him) 'and the Scotch further stipulated for the establishment of their national religion.' 'You are quite right,' said the king; 'they secured that point also—but, no, no,' he added, hastily checking himself, 'you must pay no attention to what I have just said. It would not be right to have it supposed that I entertain an opinion from which inferences might be drawn that would afterwards lead to disappointment.'

—We shall not comment on this passage. What follows is not a little strange.—

"In the evening despatches arrived from England containing an account of the tumultuous proceedings at the Queen's funeral. The king expressed, without the slightest reserve, his dissatisfaction at the want of energy shown by the Government on the occasion, and contrasted with it the firmness of his father during the riots of 1780. He detailed the particulars of the late king's conduct upon that occasion, who, he said, expressly sent for him to be a witness of it, for the regulation of his own conduct upon any similar emergency. He concluded by suddenly saying, in an altered and broken voice, 'I shall never again see such a man as my father.'

'The Grenville Papers' record very different filial impressions from those uttered here; and the following, resting on Chief Justice Bushe's authority, is significant. Alluding to the King, Bushe says:—

"He has been known to say, 'I wish those Catholics were damned or emancipated.'

On Grattan—a favourite theme with Bushe—we are almost tantalized by the following confession.—

"My last scene with Grattan was interesting beyond expression. It lasted an hour, and I have never ceased to regret that I did not commit the particulars to paper, as I might easily have done. The details of that one hour would have filled a volume."

Some of Grattan's sayings recorded here are characteristic of the deep poetry in his mind, which Sydney Smith has so brilliantly described.—

"He loved old trees, and used to say, 'Never cut down a tree for fashion-sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, which the fashion has not.' A favourite old tree stood near the house at Timnehinch. A friend of Grattan's, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended to him to cut it down.—'Why so?' said Grattan.—'Because it stands in the way of the house?'—Grattan. 'You mistake, it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either must come down, let it be the house.'

A good Life of Grattan is wanted, but after Moore's performances we do not regret that the materials were not given to him. Here is the Chief Justice's opinion on the point.—

"I said that Moore wished to be the biographer of Grattan. 'No, no; Grattan's life is not to be written with a dove's quill.'"

In these 'Conversations of Chief Justice Bushe,' several traits of Grattan are preserved. The following is like his manner.—

"Grattan's last words to Crampton (the surgeon-general), who saw him in London just before his death, were:—'I am perfectly resigned. I am surrounded by my family. I have served my country. I have reliance upon God, and I do not fear the devil.'"

—These 'Conversations with Chief Justice Bushe' are certainly very vivid, and full of interest. It is really a shame that no friendly hand has given us a Life of that eminent person.

Of Mr. Curran's own sketches, that of O'Connell is the best. It has been so often circulated in journals, that we shall only extract from it the following picture of the Agitator in the streets:—

"Body and soul are in a state of permanent insurrection. See him in the streets, and you perceive at once that he is a man who has sworn that his country's wrongs shall be avenged. A Dublin jury (if judiciously selected) would find his very gait and gestures to be high treason by construction, so explicitly do they enforce the national sentiment, of

'Ireland her own, or the world in a blaze.' As he marches along through the streets to court, he shoulders his umbrella as if it were a pike. He flings out one factious foot before the other, as if he had already burst his bonds, and was kicking the Protestant ascendancy before him; while ever and anon, a democratic, broad-shouldered roll of the upper man is manifestly an indignant effort to shuffle off 'the oppression of seven hundred years.'

The whole sketch is equally good. But for pure Irish humour—as distinguished from mere wit—in the entire series of papers (including Sheil's) there is nothing more unctuously comic than the sketch of Serjeant Goold. It thus commences:—

"The French Revolution had scarcely burst upon the world, and its portentous incidents were still the daily subject of universal astonishment or dismay, when there arose in the metropolis of Ireland a young gentleman, who, feeling jealous of the unrivalled importance the continental phenomenon was enjoying, resolved to start in his own person as an opposition-wonder."

And that high key is sustained. The Serjeant's early adventures are graphically recorded with incomparable fun. Here is a *morceau* of pure Irish humour, recalling the easy, familiar, joyous banter of Farquhar and Sheridan:—

"He left Germany with some precipitation. The rumour ran that there were state-reasons for his departure. The subject was too delicate to be revealed in all its circumstances, but upon his return to Ireland, his friends heard in broken sentences of a certain Palatine princess—the dogged jealousy of royal husbands—the incorrigible babbling of maids of honour—muttered threats of incarceration—and a confidential remonstrance on the part of a very sensible man, a member of the Aulic council, respecting the confusion that might hereafter ensue, should it come to be suspected that the lazy stream of reputed legitimacy had been quickened by a tributary rill of Munster blood."

The anecdotes about Burke in this paper are also remarkable, as testifying to his extraordinary kindness. Mr. W. H. Curran's own recollections of celebrated persons are just as striking as those of Chief Justice Bushe. He relates his acquaintance with Barry the painter at considerable length in a paper of most pathetic interest, with a peculiarly graphic realization of the unhappy artist in his den. But though many people are sick of Barry, who can refuse being struck with this description of his pugnacious countenance?—

"An Englishman would call it an Irish, an Irishman a Munster face; but Barry's had a character independent of national or provincial peculiarities. It had vulgar features, but no vulgar expression. It was rugged, austere, and passion-beaten; but the passions traced there were those of aspiring thought, and unconquerable energy, asserting itself to the last, and sullenly exulting in its resources."

There is poetry in that phrase "passion-beaten." It may be often seen in the faces of the miserable peasantry in the south of Ireland, who never heard of Barry the Royal Academician.

The description of the vaults of St. Michan's at Dublin is very interesting. It was written in 1822,—but since then, we believe, the vaults have been closed. The chemical properties of the soil acted like an embalming process:—

"You descend by a few steps into a long and narrow passage that runs across the site of the church; upon each side there are excavated ample recesses, in which the dead are laid. There is nothing offensive in the atmosphere to deter you from entering. The first thing that strikes you is to find that decay has been more busy with the tenement than the tenant. In some instances the coffins have altogether disappeared; in others, the lids or sides have mouldered away, exposing the remains within, still unsubdued by death from their original form. But the great conqueror of flesh and blood, and of human pride, is not to be baffled with impunity. Even his mercy is dreadful. It is a poor privilege

to be permitted to hold together for a century or so, until your coffin tumbles in about your ears, and then to re-appear, half skeleton, half mummy, exposed to the gaze of a generation, that can know nothing of your name and character, beyond the prosing tradition of some moralizing sexton. Among these remnants of humanity, for instance, there is the body of a pious gentlewoman, who, while she continued above ground, shunned the eyes of men in the recesses of a convent. But the veil of death has not been respected. She stands the very first on the sexton's list of posthumous rarities, and one of the most valuable appendages of his office. She is his buried treasure. Her sapless cheeks yield him a larger rent than some acres of arable land; and what is worse, now that she cannot repel the imputation, he calls her to her face, 'the Old Nun.' In point of fact, I understood that her age was one hundred and eleven years, not including the forty that have elapsed since her second burial in St. Michan's."

The unfortunate Sheares are thus sketched:—

"I had been told that they were here, and the moment the light of the taper fell upon the spot they occupy, I quickly recognized them by one or two circumstances that forcibly recalled the close of their career: the headless trunks, and the remains of the coarse, unadorned, penal shells, to which it seemed necessary to public justice that they should be consigned. Henry's head was lying by his brother's side; John's had not been completely detached by the blow of the executioner: one of the ligaments of the neck still connects it with the body. I knew nothing of these victims of ill-timed enthusiasm, except from historical report; but the companion of my visit to their grave had been their contemporary and friend, and he paid their memories the tribute of some sighs; which even at this distance of time, it would not be prudent to heave in a less privileged place. He lingered long beside them, and seemed to find a sad gratification in relating several particulars connected with their fates."

There is more matter equally curious. Mr. W. H. Curran records that he had seen the Catacombs at Paris; but the preserved individuality of the dead at St. Michan's more deeply affected his mind.

We could have desired that the sketch of Chief Baron Woulfe had not appeared. It is too long, and it is far from being written in Mr. Curran's best style. It will not add to the Chief Baron's reputation; on the contrary, it may rather, perhaps, lower it. It does not appear that Mr. Curran was ever present when Mr. Woulfe had to encounter O'Connell on the Munster Circuit, or to reply off-hand to Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons. After nearly eighty pages of a prolix description, he omits all reference to the weird countenance and the most extraordinary voice of Woulfe. He does not cite the testimonies given of his merits by Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham, and in his biographic detail he leaves out curious particulars. He omits his education at the Isle of Man by a Protestant clergyman, and the cure of his stammering tongue by the affectionate care of a female relative. "Never mind, Stephen; you'll yet be cured of your stammering; the Catholics will be emancipated, and you shall be a member of Parliament," was said to Woulfe in boyhood, by an estimable woman, to whom he owed much. As a foil to the brightness of the other papers, the essay on Woulfe may be endured, but general readers may be advised to skip it.

In the second volume some inferior matter is admitted, which has the effect of *vin ordinaire* after rich Burgundy. But the two volumes have genuine talent, and exhibit many of the best traits of Irish intellect, educated in a high school. If, as is reported, Mr. Curran intends to tell us what he personally remembers of days gone by, when he had near views of Godwin, Shelley, Grattan, and others, we shall look forward with interest to the performances of his graphic pen. His power lies in personal

description, and not in dissertation; but in his own style he is vivid, sparkling, and animated with a true humour, and he has a mine of anecdote.

Imperial Paris: including New Scenes for Old Visitors. By W. Blanchard Jerrold. Bradbury & Evans.

HERE is a very pretty—very pleasant book, full of pictures, lightly and brightly painted;—full of knowledge, thought and observation;—full of kindly sentiment and liberal interpretation of men and things in the capital of our allies. Those who seek to obtain, during their summer trip to the Continent, a closer acquaintance with Parisian life than is to be extracted from a Guide-book, can scarcely do better than carry with them a copy of 'Imperial Paris.'

Mr. W. B. Jerrold is something more, and better, than a mere panoramic painter. He is also a humourist, who sees things through a kindly and generous optic. His chapter, entitled 'The English painted by the French,' is an excellent piece of humour, as a few extracts strung together will show. It is a Frenchman, on his first visit to England, who speaks:—

"A Frenchman, the instant he touches English soil, is suddenly a changed man; all his habits must be set aside; he must be satisfied with the pale English sun of June; he must be content to be frozen, and baked, and wetted within a few hours; he will also be depressed by the sombre aspect which the coal smoke gives to the towns. Again, he approaches England by its taverns and lodging-houses. Here all is in direct opposition to the comfortable habits which the Frenchman brings from home. The furniture is hard and angular: one would think that this England, so essentially maritime, gave to her passing visitors, sea-biscuits to sleep upon! Speaking for myself, I will own, even at the risk of passing for a Sybarite and an effeminate dandy, I rose every morning from my bed, as fatigued from its hardness as from the travels which had sent me to it. * * *

It rains: it blows: the streets are marshes; and everybody is at home reading Thomson's Seasons. O! perfidious sky of perfidious Albion! I go out with my cloak over my nose, and my hat over my eyes: I return home frozen to the bones. I forget my dignity and demand fire. I go to bed, and write. * * * And now I may show how the people who enjoy the widest political freedom are the slaves of their customs and prejudices. Let me also correct an error of French vaudevilles (and are there any other vaudevilles?) which attribute to the English the frequent use of the exclamation 'Goddem.' Goddem is fossil. In the present time, the popular exclamation expressing surprise or discontent is, 'Ho! ho!' The second 'ho' is a tone lower than the first. But the two words which are heard every minute are *box* and *etiquette*. Everything is *box*—nothing is *etiquette*. Here are examples:—A horse's place in his stable—*box*; a trunk—*box*; Christmas presents—*box*; garden edging—*box*; an opera *box*; the salt-*box*; a traveller's luggage—*box*; the seat upon a carriage—*box*; the pepper-*box*; a hunting-seat—*box*, shooting-*box*; a blow upon the ear—*box* on the ear; a snuff-*box*;—*box* for everything and everywhere, without counting *bozing*. In England everything is '*shaking*.' Nothing is *etiquette*. It is not *etiquette* to use a handkerchief—to spit—to sneeze. What is to be done? Is it *etiquette* to have a cold? It is not *etiquette* to speak loud, even in the houses of parliament; to walk in the middle of the street; to run in order to escape the wheel of a carriage. Prefer to be run over! It is not *etiquette* to close a letter with a wafer, because this is to send people your saliva; nor to write without an envelope. It is not *etiquette* to go to the opera with the smallest sprig upon the waistcoat or the cravat; to take soup twice; to salute a lady first; to ride in an omnibus; to go to a party before ten or eleven o'clock, or to a ball before midnight; to drink beer at table without giving back your glass at once to the servant. It is not *etiquette* to refrain a day from shaving; to have an appetite; to offer anything to drink to a person of high rank; to appear surprised when the ladies leave

the table at dessert time—that hour which is so charming with us. It is not *etiquette* to dress in black in the morning, nor in colours in the evening. It is not *etiquette* to address a lady without adding her Christian name. To speak to a person, on any pretext, without having been presented; to knock at a door quietly; to have the smallest particle of mud upon the boot, even in the most unfavourable weather; to have pence in your pocket; to wear the hair cut close; to have a white hat; to exhibit a decoration or two; to wear braces, or a small or large beard—to do any of these things is to forget *etiquette*. But that which violates *etiquette* in England more than anything else is—want of money. Ruin yourself—run into debt—nobody will mind this; but, above all, be a spendthrift. If, when a foreigner arrives in London, it becomes known that he lodges in one of the economical hotels near Leicester Square, he is lost to certain society. Never will an equipage, nor even the card of a lord, wander thither. The respectability for which the English contend means simply material advantages—it has no relation to moral qualities. In France worship is paid to mind—to talent—to genius; in Italy and Spain it is paid to pleasure; in other places to ambition and glory; in England gold is the presiding deity! As the middle class always envies the upper class, the commercial people spend considerable sums of money in endeavours to rival the ostentation of the aristocracy."

The French are great painters of manners. Their touch is light, delicate, and original; they look at objects through a strange and picturesque medium. Mr. Jerrold has caught their manner very well. What follows, also a Frenchman's view of England and the English, reads like a translation—rather than an adaptation,—so completely is the point of view preserved throughout.—

"There are really only three things which are cheap in London, viz., flannel, crockery, and lobsters. Flannel includes all woollen goods; we may add cotton also to the list. To the lobsters, I think I may, by association of colour, add oranges. Oranges in this foggy country? Yes; the sea, which produces crabs, bears vessels laden with this fruit! In England, when people are not drinking beer, they drench themselves with tea, and swim in the Chinese pleasure it produces, to facilitate the digestion of so much beef. Tea, therefore, is no longer a medicament for these blasé stomachs. The remedy for all this is—brandy! You have a headache—brandy, not upon the temples, but down the throat; a stomach-ache?—brandy, not upon the stomach, but in it; a heart-burn?—brandy; tooth-ache?—an excellent opportunity to drink brandy; rheumatism?—brandy; cut, scratch, and contusions, etc.?—brandy; everywhere, and for everything—brandy: applied always internally, with resignation—people must be cured. * * * I have already asserted that all English ideas are material—positive. All things are massive, heavy, exaggerated. It is a nation, I repeat, of coal and iron, which produce steam strong enough to overthrow the world. The exaggeration which I have already noticed, is distinguishable in the charlatanism which pervades the shop signs and the advertisements, and in the means adopted to obtain publicity. There is nothing more amusing than the advertisement columns of the 'Times'; they pander to the instincts of the public. An hotel-keeper announces that he conducts 'a substantial family-house'—a house where families are treated substantially. The most unexpected epithets are used to create a desire, or sharpen curiosity: 'a very desirable house to let'—that is to say, that people who have once seen it cannot resist a wish to occupy it. Everything is *very valuable*, *very capital*, *most seducing*,—and all this is put forth in enormous letters. Stout, a strong beer, is declared upon every wall to be *celebrated*; and my razor-strop pretends to be, as large gold letters upon its case declare, '*imitable*!' Thus in everything, and everywhere, you must strike the imagination or the reason hard. I hear charming things in the theatres which pass unseen, because they are delicate, as the fable of *Les Deux Pigeons*, in Adrienne Lecouvreur, and all the mots, finely touched, by Rachel. While she plays, the majority of the audi-

ence read the piece, instead of looking at the actress—and an actress whose physiognomy and gesture deserve the attention paid to an extreme and intelligent pleasure. But here is always the idea of the positive—the desire to know the substance of the matter, without regard to the form. I have noticed the same thing in regard to concerts given in England by foreigners; for England herself has neither singers nor chorographers. Lately the adagio of the air of *Norma*, *Casta Diva*, sung perfectly, did not awaken any applause. Presently a loud noise, and a throwing about of arms came, strong and easy things to bawl, and the theatre was in commotion. Here my idea returns to me, as in everything, as applicable to this positive people. But it is precisely this positiveness which constitutes English strength and influence. These faults, from our point of view,—we, who are people of subtle sensations, who do not require to be struck hard to vibrate,—rule with the English. Coal and iron—positivism—make this the governing nation of the globe. I repeat it, we have the form—they have the substance. We are ingenious in trifles, delicate, refined, full of taste, light, taken with words, excited with froth, turning to all the phases of pleasure, of caprice, and of inconsequences, for which we pay dear. We make revolutions for a change, without knowing whether we shall gain any advantage,—and we often lose. We mock at our laws—we mock at everything. The Englishman, who laughs but little, respects that strength which he puts in everything. English faults and contradictions, so amusing when contemplated in individuals, in the current of daily life, form, when applied to a collection of men united as a nation, that which gives greatness to a state, and its preponderance in the world. Our *esprit*, our fertility, are charming gifts, by which we lose—with grace! The positivism of this beef-eating people, who do not understand a prolonged sound, fill themselves with beer, make everything of iron, doctor themselves with as much brandy as it is possible to consume,—this positivism has given them one hundred and twenty millions of subjects upon the globe."

Some portions of Mr. W. B. Jerrold's volume have already appeared in a popular contemporary, but several chapters are new,—and among these additions are some of the best portions of 'Imperial Paris.'

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By Sir David Brewster. 2 vols. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.; London, Hamilton & Co.

UPWARDS of a century has elapsed since the death of Sir Isaac Newton, and we have only within the present month a Life worthy the fame of the philosopher. Even now, when Newton's name is a household word throughout all civilized nations, it would seem as if Sir David Brewster apprehends that his performance, treating as it does of the highest interests of science, requires royal patronage to cause it to be favourably received.

We hoped, and indeed believed, that the bad old days of patronage Dedications had passed away never to return; but here we have one of our leading scientific men dedicating the Life of the Author of the 'Principia' to Prince Albert, from whom he seeks "the protection for his work of a name indissolubly associated with the sciences and the arts." Without pausing to criticize this eulogium, we would ask whether a really good Life of Sir Isaac Newton, such as we believe this to be, requires royalty for its "protection"? We hope not; and we should have thought that the wide circulation and popularity which Sir David Brewster's former brief 'Life of Newton' enjoyed, and for which he gives himself credit in the Preface to his present work, would have warranted him in publishing without courtly patronage.

Sir David Brewster has had the Portsmouth family papers, including numerous manuscripts and correspondence of Sir Isaac, placed at his

disposal for the purposes of this Life. These have been freely used, particularly in defending Newton against a system of calumny and misrepresentation unexampled in the history of science.

In the early life of Newton no new features of interest appear. Here, however, we have a 'Scheme for establishing the Royal Society,' which must have been written by Newton shortly after he was elected into that corporation.—

"Natural Philosophy consists in discovering the frame and operations of Nature, and reducing them, as far as may be, to general rules or laws,—establishing these rules by observations and experiments, and thence deducing the causes and effects of things; and for this end it may be convenient, that one or two (and at length perhaps three or four) Fellows of the Royal Society, well skilled in any one of the following branches of Philosophy, and as many in each of the rest be obliged by pensions and forfeitures (as soon as it can be compassed), to attend the meetings of the Royal Society.—The branches are—1. Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and Mechanics, with relation to the figures, surfaces, magnitudes, forces, motions, resistances, weights, densities, centres of gravity, and other mathematical affections of solids and fluids;—the composition of forces and motions; the shocks and reflexions of solids;—the centrifugal forces of revolving bodies;—the motion of pendulums, projected and falling bodies;—the mensuration of time and distance;—the efficacy of the five powers;—the running of rivers;—the propagation of light and sound, and the harmony and discord of tunes and colours. 2. Philosophy relating to the Heavens, the Atmosphere, and the surface of the Earth, viz. Optics, — Astronomy, — Geography, — Navigation, and Meteorology; and what relates to the magnitudes, distances, motions, and centrifugal forces of the heavenly bodies; and to the weight, height, form, and motions of the atmosphere, and of the things therein, and to instruments for observing the same; and to the figure and motions of the earth and sea. 3. Philosophy relating to animals, — viz. their species, — qualities, — passions, — anatomy, diseases, &c., and the knowledge of the frame and use of their stomachs, — entrails, blood-vessels, heart, lungs, liver, spleen, glands, juices, and organs of sensation, motion, and generation. 4. Philosophy relating to vegetables, and particularly the knowledge of their species, parts, leaves, flowers, seeds, fruits, juices, virtues, and properties, and the manner of their generation, nutrition, and vegetation. 5. Mineralogy and Chemistry, and the knowledge of the nature of Earths, Stones, Corals, Spars, Metals, semi-metals, Marcasites, Arseniates, Bitumens, Sulphurs, Salts, Vitriols, Rain-Water, Springs, Oils, Tinctures, Spirits, Vapours, Fumes, Air, Fire, Flames and their parts, Tastes, Smells, Colours, Gravity, Density, Fixity, Dissolutions, Fermentations, Coalitions, Separations, Congelations, Liquefactions, Volatility, Distillation, Sublimation, Precipitation, Corrosiveness, Electricity, Magnetism, and other qualities;—and the causes of subterraneous Caves, Rocks, Shells, Waters, Petrifications, Exhalations, Damps, Heats, Fires, and Earthquakes, and the rising or falling of Mountains and Islands. To any one or more of these Fellows, such books, letters, and things as deserve it may be referred by the Royal Society at their meetings from time to time; and as often as any such Fellowship becomes void, it may be filled up by the Royal Society with a person who hath already invented something new, or made some considerable improvement in that branch of philosophy, or is eminent for skill therein, if such a person can be found. For the reward will be an encouragement to inventors; and it will be an advantage to the Royal Society to have such men at their meetings, and tend to make their meetings numerous and useful, and their body famous and lasting."

It will be observed that in this interesting document Newton advocates the endowment of science by the nation; for, as Sir David Brewster observes, "men of science, on whom the wealth of this world is never abundantly bestowed, must have often smarted under the injustice of paying for the publication of dis-

coveries, which it cost them much time, and frequently much money, to complete."

Having heard that certain documents had been discovered among the Portsmouth papers which revealed Newton in the new character of a lover, we turned with considerable curiosity to the chapter devoted to the love story. But the proofs are so feeble that we are compelled to give the reader fair notice that our great philosopher will not be found "sighing like furnace" or even playing the part of a lukewarm lover. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether he was unfaithful for even a brief period to his divine mistress Philosophy. The facts are these. A love-letter, written about 1704, when Newton had attained the ripe age of sixty, has been discovered among the Portsmouth family papers. It is entitled "Copy of a Letter to Lady Norris, by —," and is in the handwriting of Mr. Conduitt, who, as Sir D. Brewster conceives, purposed publishing it. On the back of the letter is written in another hand, "A Letter from Sir I. N. to —." The epistle is as follows:—

"Madam,—Your ladyship's great grief at the loss of Sir William, shows that if he had returned safe home, your ladyship could have been glad to have lived still with a husband, and therefore your aversion at present from marrying again can proceed from nothing else than the memory of him whom you have lost. To be always thinking on the dead, is to live a melancholy life among sepulchres, and how much grief is an enemy to your health is very manifest by the sickness it brought when you received the first news of your widowhood: And can your ladyship resolve to spend the rest of your days in grief and sickness? Can you resolve to wear a widow's habit perpetually,—a habit which is less acceptable to company, a habit which will be always putting you in mind of your lost husband, and thereby promote your grief and indisposition till you leave it off? The proper remedy for all these mischiefs is a new husband, and whether your ladyship should admit of a proper remedy for such maladies, is a question which I hope will not need much time to consider of. Whether your ladyship should go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish once more among the ladies; whether you should spend the rest of your days cheerfully or in sadness, in health or in sickness, are questions which need not much consideration to decide them. Besides that your ladyship will be better able to live according to your quality by the assistance of a husband than upon your own estate alone; and therefore since your ladyship likes the person proposed, I doubt not but in a little time to have notice of your ladyship's inclinations to marry, at least that you will give him leave to discourse with you about it. I am, Madam, your ladyship's most humble, and most obedient servant."

Lady Norris was the widow of Sir William Norris, who died in 1702. Sir William was educated at Trinity College, and resided there while Newton held the Lucasian chair. This circumstance is advanced by Sir D. Brewster as conclusive evidence that Newton was personally acquainted with Sir W. Norris, and that their acquaintance must have been renewed when they resided in London. Stronger evidence of the authorship advocated by Sir David lies in the fact, that Newton had known Lady Norris for some years prior to 1704, as appears by the following letter addressed to his niece Catherine Barton.—

"Dear Niece,—I had your two letters, and am glad the air agrees with you; and though the fever is loth to leave you, yet I hope it abates, and that the remains of the small-pox are dropping off apace. Sir Joseph Tilly is leaving Mr. Toll's house, and it's probable I may succeed him. I intend to send you some wine by the next carrier, which I beg the favour of Mr. Gyre and his lady to accept. My Lady Norris thinks you forget your promise to write her, and wants a letter from you. Pray let me know by the next how your face is, and if the fever be

going. Perhaps warm milk from the cow may help to abate it.—I am your very loving uncle,

"IS. NEWTON."

—Such is the evidence upon which Sir D. Brewster bases his assertion that Newton so far forgot his habitual gravity as to play the part of a lover. If the letter in question urged his own suit to Lady Norris, Newton's desire to marry at sixty coincides with that of Leibnitz, his rival in philosophy, who made proposals to a lady when he was fifty.

With proper regard for the high character of the subject of his biography, Sir D. Brewster has made effective use of the unpublished documents to which he has had access for the purpose of modifying, and in many cases of refuting, the grave charges brought against Newton by Flamsteed, and published in Bailly's 'Life of Flamsteed.' It seems that copies of letters to Newton which appear in that work differ from the originals preserved by Newton. This discovery casts a doubt on every document Flamsteed left behind him, and we are compelled to admit that no confidence can be placed in the abstracts of Flamsteed's letters to Newton as printed by Mr. Bailly. Indeed, it is surprising that Government should have furnished public money to print Flamsteed's unsupported evidence against Newton's veracity,—which, in the form of a large volume circulated gratuitously throughout Europe, had a most injurious effect upon Newton's memory. In closing his account of this painful controversy, Sir D. Brewster observes:—

"In the revolting correspondence which Flamsteed has bequeathed to posterity, he has delineated his own character in sharp outlines and glaring tints; and Newton requires no other *Aëgis* to defend him than one whose compartments are emblazoned with the scurrilous invectives against himself, and garnished with pious appeals to God and to Providence. We have hesitated, however, to associate the sacred character of the accuser with systematic calumny; and we hasten to forget that there may be an astronomer without principle, and a divine without charity."

Sir D. Brewster has taken great pains to investigate the claims advanced by the friends of Newton and Leibnitz to the invention of the Differential Calculus, upon which, after the lapse of nearly two hundred years, a verdict has not yet been pronounced. Our author, however, conceives that it is not difficult to form a correct estimate of the claims of the rival analysts, and arrives at the following results:—

"1. That Newton was the first inventor of the Method of Fluxion; that the method was incomplete in its notion; and that the fundamental principle of it was not published to the world till 1687, twenty years after he had invented it.—2. That Leibnitz communicated to Newton, in 1677, his Differential Calculus, with a complete system of notation, and that he published it in 1684, three years before the publication of Newton's Method."

Besides giving full and interesting accounts of Newton's various scientific researches, Sir D. Brewster has devoted considerable space to his theological writings, showing their importance to Christianity. The strange story of Newton's mental aberration, so uncharitably insisted on by Biot, is for ever set at rest by new proofs having been discovered of Newton's vigorous and unclouded intellect at the period of his alleged insanity. These, in the form of essays on scientific matters, with other documents, are judiciously printed in an Appendix. We regret that Sir D. Brewster's publishers have not been a little more liberal in the number and execution of the illustrations, which are scarcely equal to the requirements of the work. Typographical errors are also more numerous than they should be. Altogether, however, until some fortunate discovery lays

"London, Aug. 5, 1700.

open unknown correspondence and papers bearing on Newton's life, we regard the present work as the most complete and faithful reflection of a man of whom Pope said that "his life and manners would make as great a discovery of virtue and goodness and rectitude of heart as his works have done of penetration and the utmost stretch of human knowledge."

A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. Austin.

[Second Notice.]

LAST week we endeavoured to sketch the high-minded, yet unobtrusive, virtues of the man, Sydney Smith, which in his lifetime were hardly appreciated, because of his gay social qualities. On returning to this 'Memoir' for illustrations of his claims to distinction as a wit, selection becomes difficult. There is hardly a page by which we are not tempted,—hardly a paragraph which would not have made the reputation of a duller man. Such a playful use of unexpected combinations and whimsical images was surely never combined with such disarming fairness and such excellent common sense.

"I thank God [wrote Sydney Smith to Lady Mary Bennett], who has made me poor, that he has made me merry. I think it a better gift than much wheat and bean land, with a doleful heart."

Sydney Smith might have rejoiced in the possession of justice as well as of merriment had he been Pharisaical in his orisons. Compare, for instance, the stories and the sayings collected in these two volumes with the treasury of brilliant things left us by Horace Walpole. Those will not be found untinged by ill-nature, prejudice, affectation, and a determination to astonish:—in these, sense, spontaneity, and sweet temper never fail us, let the sarcasm pierce ever so deep or be ever so exquisitely polished. If there be any who fancy Sydney's pedestal too high, let them turn back to the triumphs, and refer to the claims, of another merry man, who, in Sydney Smith's day, might have been also produced to the foreigner as the Tory specimen of English brilliancy—we mean Theodore Hook. Such a parallel is like setting the highest, healthiest comedy against the broadest and smallest farce. The humours of one flowed from "abundance of heart"—the other was manufactured by readiness of tongue. The spoken repartees and improvisations of the author of "Gilbert Gurney" are already fading from the memories of those who heard them, while the best recorded *bon mot* by him has the gleam of theatrical tinsel. There is much in these volumes which, we fancy, will only perish with our language. Probably, too, some hundreds of their readers could each add something to the collection of traits and anecdotes.

What an inexhaustible, self-generated fountain of mirth does the store, as we have it, reveal! Rarely has such a mass of bright sayings or happy hits been laid together, which owed so little to allusions or suggestions from others,—to odd passages from books,—to the *on dits* of rival practitioners. Sydney—unlike Horace—had few peers,—Luttrell, perhaps, excepted. He had no Charles Townshend—no George Selwyn—to "hold the cards" against him. Old Mrs. Salusbury's praise of Dr. Johnson, that he could say something about "rums," if no higher theme than cattle came up, might be applied, with a difference, to this genial man. So strong was the spirit of whimsy within him, that he could not give an order to a servant without clenching it by some original noun or verb which struck him, nor

answer the commonest note without some quaint turn. Here is an instance:—

"Dear Lady Holland,—I take the liberty to send you two brace of grouse,—curious, because killed by a Scotch metaphysician; in other and better language, they are mere ideas, shot by other ideas, out of a pure intellectual notion, called a gun."

Let us give some further examples. And first, as human beings stood first among Sydney Smith's objects of study and delight, we will string together a few of his personalities. It is fair to presume, that in this portion of the book some suppression has been exercised. One who played with whimsicalities, as the author of 'Peter Plymley's Letters' did, must have dashed off many a sketch inexpedient to circulate,—so dull is the world, and so determined are the many to confound whimsicality with malice. We do not, however, imagine that any one of the persons so gaily hit off in the following fragments could feel the smallest "bristle" stir, supposing he were alive to confront his *penchant* or his personality in print, as under:—

"One speech, I remember, of Dudley's [said Sydney Smith, in a reported conversation], gratified me much. When I took leave of him, on quitting London to go into Yorkshire, he said to me, 'You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid.' This, I confess, pleased me."

There was none of Sydney Smith's friends at whom he did not laugh. We have never met, or heard of, one who would dissent from Lord Dudley's praise.—To proceed with our examples. Here are two Transatlantic celebrities ticketed. Daniel Webster was, we believe, the "Great Western" alluded to, besides being the machine described as under:—

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers. * * The 'Great Western' turns out very well,—grand, simple, cold, slow, wise, and good. I have been introduced to Miss —; she abuses the privilege of literary women to be plain; and, in addition, has the true Kentucky twang through the nose, converting that promontory into an organ of speech. How generous the conduct of Mrs. —, who, as a literary woman, might be ugly if she chose, but is as decidedly handsome as if she were profoundly ignorant. I call such conduct honourable."

A Miniature of Talleyrand.—"Lady Holland laboured incessantly to convince me that Talleyrand was agreeable, and was very angry because his arrival was usually a signal for my departure; but, in the first place, he never spoke at all till he had not only devoured but digested his dinner, and as this was a slow process with him, it did not occur till everybody else was asleep, or ought to have been so; and when he did speak he was so inarticulate I never could understand a word he said.—It was otherwise with me," said Dr. Holland; 'I never found much difficulty in following him.'—'Did not you? why it was an abuse of terms to call it talking at all; for he had no teeth, and, I believe, no roof to his mouth—no uvula—no larynx—no trachea—no epiglottis—no anything. It was not talking, it was gurgling; and that, by-the-by, now I think of it, must be the very reason why Holland understood him so much better than I did,' turning suddenly round on him with his merry laugh.—'Yet nobody's wit was of so high an order as Talleyrand's when it did come, or has so well stood the test of time.'"

A Hit at the World's Sorrow for a Great Man departed.—"At a large dinner-party my father, or some one else, announced the death of Mr. Dugald Stewart; one whose name ever brings with it feelings of respect for his talents and high character. The news was received with so much levity by a lady of rank, who sat by him, that he turned round and said, 'Madam, when we are told of the death of so great a man as Mr. Dugald Stewart, it is usual, in civilized society, to look grave for at least the space of five seconds.'"

There is no need to complete the initial, in the following anecdote, with the full name of

the borrowing peeress. Different was the figure she made in the days when she was reputed to have always "the best bit of blue" at her house; when Johnson, in the fervour of his admiration for "little Burney," was affronted at being asked by her to meet "that jade, Mrs. Siddons."

"It happened to be a charity sermon, and I considered it a wonderful proof of my eloquence, that it actually moved old Lady C—— to borrow a sovereign from Dudley, and that he actually gave it her, though knowing he must take a long farewell of it."

A Trait of the Tragic Muse.—"The gods do not bestow such a face as Mrs. Siddons' on the stage more than once in a century. I knew her very well, and she had the good taste to laugh heartily at my jokes; she was an excellent person, but she was not remarkable out of her profession, and never got out of tragedy even in common life. She used to stab the potatoes."

A Few Touches concerning Jeffrey.—"I love Jeffrey very dearly; and speaking of his knowledge of all subjects, and his review of Madame de Staël: 'I used to say then that the nearest thing Jeffrey had ever seen to a fine Parisian lady was John Playfair. * * Jeffrey has been here with his adjectives, who always travel with him. His throat is giving way; so much wine goes down it, so many million words leap over it, how can it rest?'"

A New Use for Dancing.—"How little you understand young Wedgewood! If he appears to love waltzing, it is only to catch fresh figures for cream-jugs. Depend upon it, he will have Jeffrey and you upon some of his vessels, and you will enjoy an argillaceous immortality."

A Word or two concerning a Party made for Malthus.—"Philosopher Malthus came here last week. I got an agreeable party for him of unmarried people. There was only one lady who had had a child; but he is a good-natured man, and, if there are no appearances of approaching fertility, is civil to every lady. Malthus is a real moral philosopher, and I would almost consent to speak as inartificially, if I could think and act as wisely."

After the frequent allusions to Luttrell's witticisms contained in Moore's Diary, it is amusing to consider the pleasant absurdities with which Sydney Smith invested this diner-out.—

"Mrs. Sydney was dreadfully alarmed about her side-dishes the first time Luttrell paid us a visit, and grew pale as the covers were lifted; but they stood the test. Luttrell tasted and praised. * * Pray tell Luttrell he did wrong not to come to the music. It tired me to death; it would have pleased him. He is a melodious person, and much given to sacred music. In his fits of absence I have heard him hum the Hundredth Psalm (Old Version)! * * I distinguished myself a good deal at M. A. Taylor's in dressing salads; pray tell Luttrell this. I have thought about salads much, and will talk over the subject with you and Mr. Luttrell when I have the pleasure to find you together. * * Luttrell came over for a day, from whence I know not, but I thought not from good pastures; at least, he had not his usual soup-and-pattie look. There was a forced smile upon his countenance, which seemed to indicate plain roast and boiled; and a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman. * * Luttrell came over for the day; he was very agreeable, but spoke too lightly, I thought, of veal soup. I took him aside, and reasoned the matter with him, but in vain; to speak the truth, Luttrell is not steady in his judgments on dishes. Individual failures with him soon degenerate into generic objections, till, by some fortunate accident, he eats himself into better opinions. A person of more calm reflection thinks not only of what he is consuming at that moment, but of the soups of the same kind he has met with in a long course of dining, and which have gradually and justly elevated the species. I am perhaps making too much of this; but the failures of a man of sense are always painful."

What can be better than the solemn comicality of the above?—Only such a French reminiscence as the following, which, as we have touched gastronomy by chance, we will quote:—

"I shall not easily forget a *matelote* at the Rochers

de Cancale, an almond tart at Montreuil, or a *poulet à la Tartare* at Grignon's. These are impressions which no changes in future life can obliterate. I am sure they would have sunk deeply into the mind of Lord Grey; I know nobody more attentive to such matters."

The above *dicta* are especially droll as coming from one who preached and practised table-temperance and experience as essential to health and light-heartedness. Yet, withal, Sydney was no ascetic. As a table must be spread in every house, he held that to see it well spread was a social duty:—and he suited practice to theory. Living in Yorkshire, as he described himself, "twelve miles from a lemon," he had yet taken thought enough on the matter to render of none avail the providence of "C—", the arch-epicure of the Northern Circuit, who, passing Foxton, and being asked to dine there, conceived it possible that ducks might be in the wind.—

"On sitting down to dinner [said Sydney], he turned round to the servant, and desired him to look in his great-coat pocket, and he would find a lemon; 'For,' he said, 'I thought it likely you might have duck and green-peas for dinner, and therefore thought it prudent, at this distance from a town, to provide a lemon.' I turned round, and exclaimed indignantly, 'Bunch, bring in the lemon-bag!' and Bunch appeared with a bag containing a dozen lemons. He respected us wonderfully after that."

The above are pleasant contributions to Dr. Doran's 'Table Traits' when they come to another course. But let us pass to matters less material, though we still keep in sight of dinners and those who gave dinners.

Holland House figures in these volumes almost as prominently as does Bowood in the Diaries and Letters of Moore. No record of Whig London society during the past half-century would be complete without honour done to that mansion as a shrine of literary recognition and political influence. Yet, let us ask if the extinction of that shrine—of all similar shrines—be not a sign of the times, betokening health rather than decay? It would be a subject for instructive speculation to examine how much the best of such mansions (supposing it presided over by urbanity without favouritism, and vivacity clear of caprice) gave to the persons frequenting it, in proportion to that which it took from them. We do not here advert to such persons of rank and station as came and went, and fancied that their fiat determined the fate of Scott's new romance, or of 'Furniture Hope's' tale. The circle which they adorned was possibly the worthiest one of its time,—a Paradise of poetry, of wit and sense compared with the *coterie* of exclusive Fashion which flourished so vigorously during the same period in another London hemisphere. But what did Holland House do for the struggling artist and man of letters? Doubtless, it is well for the obscure, poor man of letters to have the gates of welcome of such palaces thrown open to him—to be "hall-marked" (as silversmiths say) by the approval of the cultivated and refined. To none is the training which good society imparts of more consequence. But may not this be too dearly bought?—Is it always fairly tendered?—How far must suit and service be demanded in return?—What chance in such an atmosphere have originality and independence, as compared with mediocrity and pliancy?—How shall the nervous avoid being borne down and overawed by the spirit of a circle so authoritative?—How may sincerity assert itself (ever so modestly) among those who believe that they make the "sunshine" and the "latter rain" of a reputation? A house such as Holland House is, we know, reputed to be a wondrous and potent party engine:—but the extent to which Party in turn really serves and benefits

the young and lofty and generous persons who matriculate in such a place is questionable,—and we fancy that the suspicious nature of such compacts will reveal itself increasingly as the true purpose of literature is understood by the man of letters. It is no treason to confidence if we say that some Boswell or Burney to come may offer traits and reminiscences of Holland House far different in character and import from those by which a Macaulay, a Talfourd, and (in these letters) a Sydney Smith have successively contributed to its historical fame. Even the last-named panegyrist in more than one passage indicates "*ifs*" and "*buts*" analogous to those which we fancy exist in all great houses, ruled by hospitality and imperiousness. In one letter he tells of the "H. H. fever," meaning by this the fright which must needs be endured by such guests as were sent to sit below the "salt," and who, however mildly received by My Lord, had to endure the

hard questions and two roguish eyes

of My Lady, who was not always a merciful or considerate hostess! A few suggestive "oozings" of like import will be found in these letters of Sydney.—

"I am going to dine with the Granvilles, to meet the Hollands. Lady Granville is nervous, on account of her room being lined with Spitalfields silk, which always makes Lady Holland ill; means to pass it off as foreign and smuggled, but has little chance of success."

—And we apprehend that the following refers to the same fair despot:—

"— has not yet signified her intentions under the sign manual; but a thousand rumours reach me, and my belief is, she will come. I have spoken to the sheriff, and mentioned it to the magistrates. They have agreed to address her; and she is to be escorted from the station by the yeomanry. The clergy are rather backward; but I think that, after a little bashfulness, they will wait upon her. Brunel, assisted by the ablest philosophers, is to accompany her upon the railroad; and they have been so good as to say that the steam shall be generated from soft water, with a slight infusion of chamomile flowers."

—Timid "Letters" we submit had small chance against such a patroness as this,—who, moreover, had a wondrous memory, and a librarian at her elbow "to refer," if aught was said that did not please her. Sometimes she met with her match:—there might arrive, by chance, guests who, though untitled, were unawed by her splendours; and who could set "My Lady" right as to chapter and verse when even the quotation in debate was a line or two from 'Hudibras.' But this was not an everyday piece of good luck. The ordinary tone of the circle was more arbitrary and acquiescent. Here, in proof, is an outbreak, from one of Sydney Smith's letters to Lady Holland, in which our wit showed impatience of the process by which fame was meted out by the elect.—

"I am sorry we cannot agree about Walter Scott. My test of a book written to amuse is, amusement; but I am rather rash, and ought not to say *I am amused* before I have inquired whether Sharp or Mackintosh is so. Whishaw's plan is the best: he gives no opinion for the first week, but confines himself to chuckling and elevating his chin; in the meantime, he drives diligently about the first critical stations, breakfasts in Mark Lane, hears from Hertford College, and by Saturday night is as bold as a lion, and as decisive as a court of justice."

—No more committees like these sit on the month's "number" by Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray, or the Laureate's last lay, or the oration by which a Layard or a Bright brings down the storm and troubles the waters. We have no more Sydney Smiths, with a few happy hits of sensible nonsense, to settle what

the timid or prosaic or self-important took so much time to adjust; but the day of a party autocracy, which gave and withheld diplomas with all the ceremony (and injustice) of some foreign Academy, is past.

Let us now string together some of the honest thoughts and gay fancies with which these pages are crowded, without much attempt at classification of subject.—

A word or two concerning Female Education.—"Ah! what female heart can withstand a red-coat? I think this should be a part of female education; it is much neglected. As you have the rocking-horse to accustom them to ride, I would have military dolls in the nursery, to harden their hearts against officers and red-coats. * * Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

We may follow this by a letter of farewell advice to a young lady, somewhat different in tone to the wisdom of Fordyce and Chaponne, but more practical and not less poetical.—

"Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock; tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest; and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import. And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic; by the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you; therefore I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year, and God bless you, dear child."

The parting benediction is a coin from the same mint as, another day, opened itself to another friend of Sydney Smith's about to proceed to foreign parts:—"God bless you," said he, warmly, on taking his leave of the traveller, "I have every confidence in your indiscretion." Ere we have done with education let us give Sydney's estimate of "the establishment" suitable for a "scion of the nobility."—

"The usual establishment for an eldest landed baby is, two wet nurses, two ditto dry, two aunts, two physicians, two apothecaries; three female friends of the family, unmarried, advanced in life; and often, in the nursery, one clergyman, six flatterers, and a grandpapa! Less than this would not be decent."

* *The privileges of gout.*—"I observe that gout loves ancestors and genealogy; it needs five or six generations of gentlemen or noblemen to give it its full vigour. Allen deserves the gout more than Lord Holland. I have seen the latter personage resorting occasionally to plain dishes, but Allen passionately loves complexity and artifice in his food."

Having accidentally stumbled on the name of Lord Holland's librarian, let us extract a letter of Whig prophecy, bearing date New Year's Day, 1813, addressed to that gentleman.—

"My dear Allen. * * As to politics, everything is fast setting in for arbitrary power. The Court will grow bolder; a struggle will commence, and if it ends as I wish, there will be Whigs again, or if not, a Whig will be an animal described in books of natural history, and Lord Grey's bones will be put together and shown, by the side of the monument, at the Liverpool Museum. But when these things come to pass, you will no longer be a Warden, but a

brown and impalpable powder in the tombs of Dulwich. In the meantime, enough of liberty will remain to make our old-age tolerably comfortable; and to your last gasp you will remain in the perennial and pleasing delusion that the Whigs are coming in, and will expire mistaking the officiating clergyman for a King's messenger. But whatever your feelings be on this matter, mine for you will be always those of the most sincere respect and regard."

How to receive criticism.—"As for the *Quarterly Review*, I have not read it, nor shall I, nor ought I—where abuse is intended, not for my correction, but my pain. I am, however, very fair game: if the oxen catch the butcher, they have a right to toss and gore him."

The fling at foreign travel, addressed to Lady Davy, whom the writer wanted back in London, is very droll,—in its turn of phrase almost Walpolian.—

"I am astonished that a woman of your sense should yield to such an imposture as the Augsburg Alps;—surely you have found out, by this time, that God has made nothing so curious as human creatures. Deucalion and Pyrrha acted with more wisdom than Sir Humphry and you; for being in the Augsburg Alps, and meeting with a number of specimens, they tossed them over their heads and turned them into men and women. You, on the contrary, are flinging away your animated beings for quartz and feldspar."

The following bit, too, from Sydney's own travelling notes, reminds us of "Strawberry Horace" in its neatness.—

"It is curious to see in what little apartments a French *savant* lives; you find him at his books, covered with snuff, with a little dog that bites your legs."

Here are two bits from a letter, announcing another foreign journey to a lady, from whom he asked a *route* to Paris, and help in the matter of providing a travelling attendant for Mrs. Sydney Smith.—

"Many thanks. The damsel will not take to the water, but we have found another in the house who has long been accustomed to the water, being no other than our laundry-maid. She had some little dread of a ship, but as I have assured her it is like a tub, she is comforted. * * We have had charming weather; and all who come here, or have been here, have been delighted with our little paradise,—for such it really is; except that there is no serpent, and that we wear clothes."

Something on graver matters ere we conclude. Writing to Lady Ashburton, in 1841, Sydney Smith said:—

"I wish you had witnessed, the other day at St. Paul's, my incredible boldness in attacking the Puseyites. I told them that they made the Christian religion a religion of postures and ceremonies, of circumflexions and genuflexions, of garments and vestures, of ostentation and parade; that they took up title of mint and cummin, and neglected the weightier matters of the law,—justice, mercy, and the duties of life; and so forth."

It was probably about this time that the Canon of St. Paul's signed a note to some one of the new formulists, whose style or subject-matter had struck him,—"*Washing Day—eve of Ironing Day.*"

Such extracts and passages as the above, and such reminiscences as they call up, could be drawn out further, were there not a time and a limit for everything. But we must have done—closing our paragraphs with a feeling as if many things had been overlooked. This must be always the case with rich books. There will come annotators, amplifiers, cavillers,—each of whom will draw out some neglected point into its due light,—or "cap" some recorded saying by some remembered witticism, racier still,—or by qualification call out admirers of Sydney Smith hitherto silent.

The Ulster Journal of Archaeology. Vols. I. & II. Belfast, Archer & Sons.

AN excellent design, for the publication of papers and other illustrations of the archaeology of the province of Ulster, was formed in the autumn of 1852, and we have before us two entire volumes, and a portion of a third, evincing the very praiseworthy manner in which the objects in view have been carried out. We are not furnished with any list of members, so as to enable us to judge of the kind of support which the 'Ulster Journal' receives; and we apprehend that the publication is, in fact, a private speculation, so that anybody who buys a volume or a number (for it appears quarterly) will so far aid the undertaking. The names of the contributors are not perhaps inserted as often as could be wished, especially in the more recent instances,—but, on the whole, they form a goodly list, which includes such men as Mr. Huband Smith, Rev. Scott Porter, Mr. E. P. Shirley, the Rev. Dr. Hume, Mr. Carruthers, the Archdeacon of Down, Mr. Way, Dr. Purdon, Mr. Windele, Sir Erasmus Borrowes, Mr. D. W. Nash, the Rev. Mr. Reeves, Mr. A. H. Rhind, &c.; we have, therefore, pretty good security both for the variety and excellence of the communications. Neither are they all as local as might be expected,—they extend far beyond the limits of Ulster; and the truth is, that illustrations of archaeology, particularly of the earlier Celtic and Scandinavian periods, do not belong at all exclusively to any one part of the British Empire. The antiquities of the aborigines of England, Ireland, and Scotland are necessarily similar; and the manner in which the weapons of our earliest forefathers are explained and exemplified by those of the Polynesian Islands in our own day shows over what a vast surface of the globe it is requisite in such cases to extend our researches. But it is not merely on this account that Irish antiquities have of late attracted attention on this side of St. George's Channel: they possess some peculiar and striking features, and we need only refer to the important topic of the Round Towers (existing nowhere but in Ireland, with two exceptions in Scotland, themselves of Irish origin) to show the interest that must always attach to inquiries of this description.

In the work in our hands we find more than one addition to the many learned dissertations upon this often-discussed question; and although we could hardly hope that any very new or strong light would be thrown upon it, we are bound to say that some important matter has been added to our previous stock of knowledge, all of which tends to establish the extreme antiquity of these monuments,—the precise application of which will, probably, never be ascertained. The late Mr. O'Brien opened a fresh view regarding them, which has not since been confirmed by any adequate authority, and was strongly opposed by the late Mr. Petrie. It was rather upon the novelty of his notions than upon any strength of argument or weight of evidence that Mr. O'Brien relied. That his volume, solely devoted to them, ought to be treated with all respect, we readily allow; and when we recollect how much we are indebted for nearly all advances in art, science and learning to enthusiasm, even if it be mistaken or misdirected, we cannot but admit our obligations to him.

It does not appear who is the Editor of the *Ulster Archaeological Journal*, but he is evidently in most respects a competent man; and dealing, as he unavoidably does, with so many points of antiquity, we cannot be surprised that at the back of the title-page of every number he should enter a caveat against responsi-

bility for the statements and opinions of correspondents. There are, however, one or two matters of fact which seem to have escaped his vigilance, and when Mr. F. H. Hore in the first paragraph of his paper upon "St. Colum Cille's Cross," speaks of Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and of Sir F. Walsingham, Secretary of State, in October, 1504, (Vol. II. p. 1251) it is clear that some error must have been committed, which it was the duty of the editor to set right. Neither Sir John Perrot nor Sir F. Walsingham was born at the time specified, and the addition of half-a-century to the date would not cure the blunder.

The anonymous communication, which immediately follows the above, is of a different character, and we should like to have seen the subject carried much further, as indeed it might easily have been: it relates to "Rustic Proverbs current in Ulster," and they are curiously illustrated by references to corresponding popular sayings in England and Scotland. The little book recently published by the Rev. Mr. Trench proves how pleasantly inquiries of this kind may be conducted, and we should much rejoice at the appearance of any new volume, which would give us at one view the proverbs in various languages of Europe, enforcing similar lessons of wisdom. Of course each must be modified by the circumstances of country, climate, opinions, and habits; and it would deserve consideration how it happens that in particular realms proverbs are much more abundant, and in much more frequent use, than in others. We have happily outlived the day when it was not only promulgated, but held as an axiom, that no gentleman ever uttered a proverb. Some of those in the article to which we refer, are remarkable for their truth, shrewdness, and brevity, and they not unfrequently felicitously illustrate the manners of the age in which they were current.

The Synagogue-Poetry of the Middle Ages—
[*Die Synagogale Poesie des Mittelalters*].
By Dr. Zunz. Berlin, Sprenger; London, Nutt.

It has been remarked of the Comedies of Aristophanes and his contemporaries, that with the ancient Athenians they performed functions which modern society, consistently with the doctrine of the division of labour, distributes among several hands,—answering the purposes of the political pamphlet, the electioneering squib, the newspaper, and we forget what besides, in addition to the more obvious end of theatrical entertainment. Something similar may be said of the Jewish synagogue during the Middle Ages:—it was not a mere place of devotion where worshippers separated themselves for a while from the rest of the world; but its varying ritual was the record of the terrible events without. The Temple, with its ceremonies, had passed away; but in the synagogue the Jewish mind found its rallying point; and though the period of burnt-offerings had gone by, the song of constancy under persecution, faith amid universal derision, hope when all seemed desperate, rose with sublime vigour. In the synagogue alone could the Hebrew, as a Hebrew, manifest his higher aspirations and feelings. The more persecution increased, the more was he drawn within the precincts of the holy place; and it was there that the poetical side of his nature could alone find its expression. From the simplest of rituals arose a gigantic mass of sacred lyrical poetry, such as probably no other ecclesiastical establishment can show. To the modern reader, who merely judges these songs according to their own intrinsic value, they will possibly appear tedious repetitions of

one set of sentiments; but taken in connexion with the history of the events under which they arose, they assume an interest almost fascinating. The very monotony of the song corresponds to the unshaken firmness of the hapless songsters:—the sameness of ideas represents the sameness of persecution. For instance, when Elasar Ben Jehuda, a poet of the twelfth century, sings—

Thy faithful ones with stones they slay,
Tormented, strangled, bruise'd are they;
Broken on the wheel or hung,
Into the grave while living flung.
One with eyeless sockets stands,
Another bleeds with lopp'd-off hands.

The horrors seem to find difficulty in elbowing their way into the limited space of six short lines. The picture appears about as poetical as the notable description of crimes and their punishments which we find in the 'Orbis Pictus' of Comenius. But let us only bear in mind the fact, that the enumerated torments were all hanging over the head of the bard—who, he it remarked, *en passant*, lost his wife and all his children on the occasion of one of the crusades—and at once a degree of grandeur is given to the ghastly catalogue. Only fancy such a song hymned forth in the midst of a congregation, every member of which could find one of the maimed and slaughtered among his own kin.

All other histories of persecution are but records of cruel whims and caprices compared with the chronicles of Jewish suffering. The savage sport of the worst Roman emperors,—the martyrdom of Christians by Pagans,—of Huguenots by Catholics,—even the wholesale slaughter of the Attilas and the Djingis-Khans lasted but a short time,—so that the duration of the horrors seems to be in an inverse ratio to their intensity. But the tale of Jewish persecution is an unvarying narrative of a hatred that defied the power of wear and tear. There is nothing impulsive in the operations of the chronic malignity; but century follows century, and the tortures and the massacres and the false accusations undergo no diminution. "If," says Dr. Zunz, "a literature is to be called rich because it possesses a few classical tragedies,—what rank belongs to a tragedy that lasts 1,500 years, written and acted by its own heroes?"

Nor is the persecution merely long in duration,—it is always gigantic in its workings. Just as certain philosophers of the present day can find the origin of the cholera in the Maynooth Grant, so in the Middle Ages every calamity that could befall a nation was traced to the Jews, who were perpetually accused of slaughtering children, drinking blood, poisoning wells and crucifying hosts. The epidemic which ravaged a large portion of Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century, was without hesitation laid to Jewish account; and the persecution that ensued extended from Thuringia to Catalonia, that is to say, over nations that had nothing in common with each other beyond a participation in the universal brutality. In 1181, three Christian children were lost in Vienna; and as there was no lack of witnesses to allege that the missing urchins had been sacrificed by Jews, after the fashion immortalized in the 'Prioress's Tale' of Chaucer, no less than 300 Jews were burnt alive. The notion of killing Jews by units seems never to have occurred to the Mediæval mind. When all was over, it was discovered that the children had been accidentally drowned while sliding on the ice. This anecdote, be it understood, is a mere sample of the general, long-enduring horrors, not a whit more important than countless others recorded in the ghastly chronicle of Hebrew suffering. It may easily be conceived that, regarding history from

a Jewish point of view, Dr. Zunz has but small affection for those Middle Ages that so many sentimental bards affect to admire and to regret. "In that golden age," he says, with ironical applause, "several noble inventions were made, e. g. auricular confession, celibacy, prohibitions of the Scripture, Carthusians, Crusades, persecutions for witchcraft, inquisitions, and the burning of heretics. Priestcraft and rapacity trampled down the flower of Provence, impoverished Spain, depopulated Asia and America;—despots and priests have left upon their track more misery and more marks of desolation than all the Scythians, Huns, and Vandals put together."

The history of persecution is also a history of the most marvellous fortitude on the part of the oppressed; and the heroism *en masse* is as remarkable as the wholesale slaughter. Indeed, after a perusal of Dr. Zunz's records of calamity, and his collection of the songs which it inspired, we rise with the conviction that the sort of virtue which is popularly termed "Roman" would more properly be called "Jewish." The history of the Eternal City can show one Brutus, who did violence to the paternal sentiment for the sake of the Republic,—one Virginus, who immolated his daughter to save the family honour,—but the Jews of the Middle Ages can show crowds of such characters, who would undergo any amount of torture, and vie with each other in the work of mutual slaughter rather than offer "sacrifice to Baal," as they termed the rite of Baptism. What shall we say of a French Rabbi who put the whole of his school to death, lest they might be captured and baptized by the Christian enemy?

At all events, the Hebrews had the satisfaction of knowing that they would not perish museless, like the heroes who died before the Trojan War. The poets of the synagogue were ever at hand to extol constancy and suffering, and inspire the chosen race with renewed fortitude. Thus, for instance, was the execution of a number of Jews at Erfurt, about the end of the twelfth century, on the common pretext of child-murder, celebrated by Salomo ben Abraham, who even records the names of the sufferers:—

As raging birds of prey,
To woman and to man they came.
We earned the martyr's name;
The body only could they slay;
The soul we dared to save.
An ample store of lies they have,
When they would seek our life,
Saying, that with a festal knife
We kill'd and ate a child;
But mercy they will show,
If Baptism we will undergo.
At this the pious smil'd.
So Samuel they slay,
His wife, his daughter too, the lovely one,
His brothers, and his son's wife, and his son.
Simcha, while stretching forth his neck, can pray.
Joseph, and all his race, to us endeared shall be,
They gladly stride through torture unto Thee;
And Moses, great was he,
Who to the fire with his two children came.
Into the jaws of death they stepp'd.
All Israel wept;
But tears could not subdue the flame.
And Schaltai, with his wife,
Because Thy law they have not spurn'd,
Into a heap of ashes now are turn'd.
See, Father, see, for Thee they give their life,
Thee, greatest above all, they fearlessly proclaim,
In death they lift on high Thy name.

To those who would wish to pursue in the fullest detail the story of suffering and the songs which arose from it, the work of Dr. Zunz, who is generally esteemed one of the most profound Hebrew scholars of the age, may be unreservedly commended. Most of the poems which he has translated into German exist only in manuscript; and learning of a peculiar kind was required to form such a Hebrew anthology as that which he now gives to the world, with short notices of the poets and an admirable

survey of the circumstances under which they sang and suffered.

THE WAR.

The first tale of the war told by a soldier is Lieut. Peard's *Narrative of a Campaign in the Crimea: including an Account of the Battles of Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava*. (Bentley.) This is chiefly the record of his own adventures, and of the actions he personally witnessed. It is written with clearness and spirit, and preserves the glitter and animation of the great scenes enacted before Sebastopol, up to the close of November. Lieut. Peard landed with the army at Eupatoria in September, and at daylight on the 20th saw the forces parade in perfect silence before commencing their march. The hills beyond the Alma were distinctly visible, crowned with batteries and with masses of troops; but nothing else than hope and joy pervaded the invading ranks.—

"The advance of our armies this day over the vast plain was a sight never to be forgotten by any one who witnessed it: the forest of bayonets of the advancing columns glistened in the bright sun, the heat of which was tempered by a soft sea-breeze. The fleet also was to be seen about four miles distant advancing with us, protecting our right, and the smoke of the steamers clouded the ocean."

The Battle of the Alma is vividly described, especially the general advance of the English lines, when the enemy reeled before them along slopes that were wet and bright with blood. But the soldiers gladly left this arena of their victory to march among the vineyards, gardens, and hamlets of the Katcha. Their excitement rose high when Sebastopol, "the beautifully-situated city," appeared in view, though the prospect was for awhile deserted, for the sake of that famous flank march, still called by some a strategical triumph, and by others a dearly-punished error. On the road immense quantities of baggage had been left by the flying Russians; and the men picked up ornaments, caskets, jewelry, cases of wine, and even money, in abundance. Many a fur-lined cloak, rich enough to wrap a Venetian seignor, was slung to the shoulders of a trooper. As yet, however, no new foe was encountered, except a party of uncouth Tartars, armed with "broomsticks," who drove some stragglers ingloriously within the lines. The army took immediate possession of Balaklava, "and in the afternoon the monster hull of the Agamemnon was seen, as it were being launched out of the mountains. It then entered the great pond, and anchored in the centre." With the land and sea forces thus united, all was ready for the siege.—

"It was cheering to hear our jolly tars hauling up the heavy guns to camp, singing every tune under the sun. You could hear them a mile off, and if any of us approached them, they would pat the monster guns they were drawing, and say, 'This is the boy that will do for them, Sir;—' We're going in 'long with you, Sir.'"

During the quiet period which preceded the first bombardment the soldiers were delighted when a chance occurred of returning the Russian fire. Entries of the following kind occur in the 'Narrative':—

"A splendid shot was made to-day by one of our riflemen in the advanced posts, who killed a Cosack at nine hundred yards, to the astonishment of his companions."

Lord Raglan's siege-policy is thus stated by Lieut. Peard:—

"Sir George Cathcart wished to go in and take the batteries the second day after our arrival, with our Division, but Lord Raglan refused, and said that he would not sacrifice a single life more than was absolutely necessary, and that if his present plan did not succeed, he had another by which he trusted to be able to take the place."

When, after three weeks of wasting delay, the Allied armies opened their fire, a tremendous excitement filled the camp. This is well suggested in the 'Narrative.'—

"Shortly after the fire commenced, that of our gallant allies was heard playing away in right good earnest, and a tremendous roll of cannon, like a perpetual peal of thunder, burst on our ears from our noble fleet. It was, however, impossible to discern anything, from the dense smoke which floated over the town. So constant was the fire, and so good the practice, that it was a matter of some danger to look over the parapet. Great reliance was placed in our wooden walls, and the greatest enthusiasm was heard when they first opened their tremendous broadside. We were almost smothered by the dust and sand which was flying on all sides, and the earth seemed to tremble."

At every renewal of the bombardment, and at every alarm,—

"Jack was immediately seen at his gun, cutlass in hand, going through certain evolutions, and showing us how he would cut up 'the Rooshins' if they came in his way."

The terrific shock of cavalry at Balaklava was witnessed by Lieut. Peard. As the Heavy Horse went on, before the Light Brigade was hurried to its ruin, the Russian squadrons came thundering along the plain,—

"Their line being twice as long as ours, and three or four times as deep, as well as that of the reserve. The Greys and Enniskillens charged these advancing Russians, who were only a short distance from them. The Russian wings then wheeled inwards, threatening our cavalry with utter destruction, but they took a slight turn to the right and went clean through the enemy's cavalry with the most thrilling shouts; and with diminished numbers they charged on to the next column of the enemy. It became now a hand-to-hand fight, and the first line of Russians having recovered itself a little, came wheeling round to take the Greys and Enniskillens in rear: when up came the 1st Royal Dragoons, accompanied by the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, who charging through the first line of the Russians, continued their desperate course as far as the second, and with their assistance the Greys put them to an utter rout. The Russian horse, or rather half their numbers, now retired at a fearful pace and in the greatest confusion."

—Next, the six hundred Light Cavalry commenced their death-ride.—

"At twelve hundred yards the enemy opened a tremendous broadside on them from thirty guns, which clouded them in smoke, and many fell. Still on they dashed, and flew into the batteries, cutting down the gunners at their post, their sabres flashing above the smoke. The scene now became very awful: the plain was covered with dead men and horses; loose troopers were galloping about in all directions; and wounded Hussars were riding home to the camp with ghastly countenances, their horses covered with blood. One officer was seen galloping towards the camp, cutting and slashing with his sword, and shouting in a most furious manner. Such was the excitement into which he had worked himself."

Never, perhaps, was a scene enacted so terribly dramatic, or in such a marvellous arena. The dispersed troopers returned by twos and threes, some galloping, others faintly leaning on their saddles. Many were seen standing in the reddened grass, and making signs that they were wounded. Horses, with both hind-legs broken, were endeavouring to rise, and swinging round at every plunge. And to perfect the savage picture, Cossacks were stalking to and fro, piercing the sides of the wounded with their lances.—

"We watched with the greatest interest a wounded dragoon, who was creeping on his belly from the battle-field, near the Russian horse, to us. Every now and then he would halt and hold up his sword. He was presently spied by the Russian sharpshooters in the redoubt near us, and they opened a sharp fire on the poor fellow. He still persevered, and was

shortly seen by a sailor, who had a brass helmet on his head, and was walking about picking up trophies, with a friend, quite heedless of their rifles. They immediately went to his rescue, and carried him on their shoulders some little distance, when he was put on a horse, with great difficulty, and brought into our lines. I do not know when my heart felt more relieved."

Between the battles of Balaklava and Inkermann, incidents of heroic interest daily occurred. We quote one, not so much for any striking anecdote it supplies, but to recall to Lieut. Peard an act of justice which he has omitted to fulfil. He was engaged with a working-party in moving a gun into an exposed battery.—

"The horses had been taken out, and the gun was just being put into position, when all on a sudden it got too much way, the men at the drag-ropes were capsized, and a corporal of Artillery, being in the shafts, showed great presence of mind by sticking to the shafts, and guiding this heavy piece of ordnance into its position; whereas the slightest hesitation on his part would have precipitated the gun over the cliff, and in all probability have killed a dozen of my men. He received the greatest praise from all around."

—Who was this "Corporal of Artillery" who probably saved "a dozen" lives? His name surely ought to have had its place in the 'Narrative.'

Lieut. Peard's account of the Battle of Inkermann resembles in all material points those which have been already circulated. It is, perhaps, too fragmentary to represent adequately the character of that mighty, mortal struggle. But the writer does not profess to paint broad effects:—he tells of his own experience, which, at Inkermann, was equal, in dangers and achievements, to that of any man in the army. His regiment—the 20th—elicited from the gallant Brigadier Pennefather the highest compliment that soldiers could receive from a soldier. In this conflict young Lieut. Tryon—who afterwards fell in a night skirmish—was said to have fired two hundred shots, and to have killed or wounded a hundred and fifty men. He was a conspicuous marksman.

As a bright and graphic picture of the war, Lieut. Peard's narrative will be read with keen interest by those who, on such a subject, can bear with a twice-told tale.

Former contests in the same region are recapitulated in an excellent *Historical Sketch of the Crimea*, by Dr. Anthony Grant, Archdeacon of St. Albans. (Bell & Daldy.)—His volume offers a popular epitome of the numerous wars which have, during a long succession of ages, desolated the Tauric Peninsula. It reminds us, also, of all the traditions that haunt those bleak and barren shores, which supplied the idea of the 'Iphigenia in Tauris' of Euripides. There, on the rock between Balaklava and Sebastopol, Pylades and Orestes became the type of true friends. There the Scythian fought with the Greek, the Hun with the Italian, the Tartar with the Russian; and now the Russian again with one race of the East, and two of the West,—united to dispossess him. Dr. Grant preludes his admirable narration by saying that, in the Crimea,—

"the natives of opposite climes and habits have settled side by side in strange disharmony, the colonist or merchant decorating the coast with the refinements of southern luxuries, while behind him the Scythian or wandering Tartar has maintained his nomad habits, pitching his tent and pasturing his herds of sheep or horses in the outstretched steppe, as if he were hundreds of miles from the reach of civilized life. It is just this diversity that strikes the traveller now. He meets with the sweepings of nations. He sees a motley group of inhabitants from all surrounding countries, turbaned, fur-capped, hatted, or veiled; in robe, jacket, sheepskin, or coat, walking the same street; sometimes a picturesque

Tartar town, with its mixed Byzantine and Chinese architecture, deep circular-headed windows, grey historic walls, tapering and decorated minaret, or its feudal and castellated fort, side by side with some miserable Russian modernism of a whitewashed town; all proclaiming the incongruous fate and varied fortunes that cling, like a Nemesis, to this interesting, but unfortunate peninsula."

The importance of the Crimea, as a territory, is more completely shown in this little volume than in any other that we have seen.

Description of the Crimea.—[*Description de la Crimée*]. By J. H. Schnitzler. (Paris, Berger Levrault.)—In the literature of the War, M. Schnitzler's monograph takes high rank. It is based on unexceptionable authorities—it is critical—it is systematic—it is comprehensive and clear. The author originally designed his work as a light in the path of the French army whenever it should quit its ground before Sebastopol to chase the Russians through the Crimea; unhappily, neither he nor any other writer warned the Allies in time of the fearful chances they must incur in such a siege as they have undertaken. But, however late, real information is always opportune. M. Schnitzler, indeed, has not inspected for himself the roads and military works of the Tauric peninsula; but his examination has been aided by the most competent testimony; and thus the volume has acquired a solid and positive value above the interest which any work on the Crimea, from an unknown pen, must now possess. To say that among the numerous compilations recently issued in France and England, on the chief topic of the war, M. Schnitzler's is the most historical in tone, and commands most reliance, is only to give the memoir its proper importance.

Intimately acquainted as M. Schnitzler is with the political action of Russia, the reader will be anxious to learn how he estimates the defences of Sebastopol. On this point a French voyager of the last century is quoted, who understood the importance of Sebastopol, and to some extent predicted the present contest. His words were:—"These roads constitute, perhaps, in a political sense, the Russian object, which Europe should most attentively keep in view. . . . There will be struck the blows that will menace Constantinople." Were not these lines, says M. Schnitzler, written as a preface to the events we are now witnessing? He proceeds to describe, in detail, the structure of Sebastopol—its wonderful means of defence—its complete armament of batteries, fleets, and military lines, perpetually refitted from the great arsenals of Russia, far in the rear. This, however, is only one section of his compact volume, which embraces a topographical and geographical view of the whole peninsula—its harbours, roads, and routes of communication with the main body of the Empire. It may therefore serve the purpose of a military guide-book, to prepare future campaigners in the Crimea for the perils, as well as for the facilities, in their way. No nation can afford to plunge twice into the dark:—we have already sent our Curtius into the gulf, and the gulf is open still.

Major E. B. Hamley has published, on a folding sheet, a series of sketches of *The Position on the Alma*,—so arranged as to present a view of the entire battle-field. The Major was on the spot, and made his drawings on the day following the glorious victory achieved by the Allies; and his picture bears few traces of the deadly conflict save such as are absolutely melancholy in their interest. But the natural features of the scene—as they will haunt the imaginations of men for ages to come—are vividly preserved in Major Hamley's sketches.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. R. Madden. Second Edition. 3 vols. (Newby).—There is new matter in the second edition of Dr. Madden's "Life"; and among this, we learn, are several new letters. We notice, too, that a remonstrance or two made in the *Athenæum* have been answered by the omission of the passages protested against, and that a few anecdotes, interwoven into our criticism, have been introduced into Dr. Madden's work, the courtesies of acknowledgment being duly observed. But the new matter contains nothing that it suits us to extract just now, or that would justify a return to the work in the form of lengthened criticism. Many of the errors, misprints of the first edition, remain uncorrected. To instance:—Mr. Kenyon, who is, happily for his friends, living and well, is now, as formerly, commented on in that past tense which befits defunct worth and hospitality;—Mr. Tom Taylor is still credited with a son, as partner in the editorial cares extended by him over poor Haydon's *Life and Journals*;—Shelley, who, as a stranger to Lady Blessington, had no more business to a chapter in this book than Sydney Smith, is still set down as having written "Lastruzzi" instead of "Zastrozzi." There is more than common slovenliness in all this; a moderate exercise of care would have corrected errors betokening such ignorance of the current world of London society and letters; and if Dr. Madden was himself indisposed to see after the spelling, it is to be presumed that Mr. Newby's staff comprises some of those useful men called "readers," who, if duly trusted, would, at least, guard a book like this from such blunders. The circumstance of Lady Blessington's "Life" having reached a second edition betokens the possibility of its living as a contribution to our literary history of the century; and hence, discretion and care should have been exercised in preparing it for a permanent existence.

Experimental Researches in Electricity. Vol. III. By Michael Faraday. (Taylor & Francis).—Following out the plan observed in the two former volumes, of collecting together all the memoirs which have been published in the Philosophical Transactions, and papers which have appeared in scientific journals, Dr. Faraday has brought together his labours for the last ten years in the present volume. These embrace the experiments on the Magnetization of Light, Magnetic Polarity, the Discovery of Diamagnetism, and an examination of the Magnetic conditions of all matter; and in addition, several valuable argumentative papers on lines of magnetic force, on ray-vibrations, the nature of force, &c. The three volumes of 'Experimental Researches in Electricity' now published contain a series of remarkable investigations, which certainly offer the most striking evidence of the value of inductive philosophy that has ever been published in the English language.

Frank Hilton; or, the Queen's Own. By James Grant. (Routledge & Co.).—A reader on the look-out for a novel crammed full of incident, excitement, and the wildest adventure, will find in 'Frank Hilton' what he desires. It is clever,—some of the descriptions of Eastern and desert scenes are even beautiful,—but the incidents are too wonderful and too rapid to give them much chance of being relished on the first perusal. The story is built up like a castle in the clouds:—the impossibilities are bridged over with all the smoothness of a dream. There are neither Jinns nor magicians, as in the 'Arabian Nights,' to assist when matters come to "a dead fix"; but in return, the heroes, the heroines, and all connected with them, are endowed with *ten lives*, and the faculty of turning every one of them to the best account. The reader is carried on breathless to the end of the book, and will feel sorry when it comes to a close. The only drawback he is likely to find upon his satisfaction will be the type and printing, which are in Mr. Routledge's worst style of the art.

The Honeymoon. By Alfred W. Cole. (Blackwood).—A series of short sketches, which read

like the plots of so many genteel farces. The book will serve its turn to beguile the time in a railway-carriage. There is a well-bred, gentlemanlike feeling throughout; but the book is rather mild than sparkling.

Stanhope Burleigh; or, the Jesuit in our Homes: a Novel. By Helen Dhu. (New York, Stringer & Townsend; London, Low & Co.).—'Stanhope Burleigh' is less a novel than a howl of terror at the progress the Jesuits are making in America, under cover of the free toleration afforded to all sects and denominations of theology and the absence of any state religion. Jesuits have had from their foundation the character for being spiritual foxes,— "wise as serpents" in their generation,—endowed with a facility in the accomplishment of their ends which distances and defies all competition. In former days, clever men were accused of sorcery, by way of explaining their success and consoling the self-love of less fortunate people; to-day, it is the fashion to call it Jesuitism. Upon the showing of this very book, it is allowed that the Jesuits have obtained their mysterious influence by means of the strict, compact discipline of their order, by having a definite object, and pursuing it with a persistence that nothing can weary and a sagacity that looks superhuman only because it is not darkened and distorted by the refraction of self-love and individual interest. We are not of the number of those who fear Jesuitism or any other conspiracy against the general liberty of mankind:—we believe the whole to be greater than the part. The machinery of Jesuitism may be perfect; but its object contains within itself the germ of limitation and decay,—it aspires to regulate the education of men and to keep the mind of the many in subjection to the dictation of the few, and those few the company of their own order. Their abnegation of self and individual interest are only merged in the interests of the order. But humanity is greater than Jesuitism. Our great objection to books of declamation like the one before us is, that they neglect to recognize the great fact, that man's own cowardice and moral weakness can alone injure him:—if a man will be true, "the Truth will make him free," let all the Jesuits in the world be leagued together to prevent it. The plot of 'Stanhope Burleigh' is laid in 1848, and begins with the expulsion of the Jesuits from Sardinia and the flight of the General of the Order to America. The first scene is very like some of the melo-dramas which have had a thrilling success at the Princess's Theatre:—a tall "grey octagon tower" is described, with "moving platforms," "trapdoors," "secret pannels," and all the resources of stage machinery. Here the Padre Jaudan, the General of the Order, is "discovered," when the curtain rises, "sitting, late at night, beside a small bronze table, of antique sculpture, over which hung a silver lamp." He is dressed "in a robe de chambre of the purple velvet of Genoa, lined with crimson satin, and confined at the waist by a cord of the same colour, from which was suspended a rosary with beads of jet and links of gold, and at the end glittered a cross of brilliants, set in silver. On his left breast was the broad crimson cross," &c. The Padre, thus elaborately costumed, was expecting to have to fly for his life at a moment's notice, and he had not even a *valet de chambre* to be impressed with his splendour. We doubt whether Jesuits in real life would wear such fine clothes on such an occasion.

Nicholas Ferrar: Two Lives, by his Brother John and by Dr. Jebb. Now first edited, with illustrations. By J. E. B. Mayor. (Cambridge, Macmillan).—Of late years, Cambridge has become a theme for antiquaries and illustrators. Messrs. Heywood, Gunning, Cooper, Prickett, Peacocks, and many more have added to our stores of information on this worthy and not outworn subject. In the footsteps of these writers Mr. Mayor is content to tread,—but to tread in no servile mood. His present work is not very important or very interesting, yet it contains some curious particulars of Cambridge life in the seventeenth century, and will furnish to more powerful and picturesque writers a few hints and details which may figure in a general history of the age with effect.

The Town Garden: a Manual for the Manage-

ment of City and Suburban Gardens. By Shirley Hibberd. (Groombridge & Sons).—To the dweller in cities, in whom the first brightness of a love of what is beautiful is not yet wholly dimmed, this volume will be welcome. Mr. Shirley Hibberd declares that it is our own fault if we have not healthy plants and flowers in our town gardens; there being a great number of these which will flourish in a town atmosphere in spite of smoke. We are glad to hear it, and to learn how these may be chosen and trained. Domestic life has few sweeter solaces than the innocent pleasures of gardening. Of course the culture of flowers in close neighbourhoods requires greater care and more assiduous attention to make up for the absence of sun and air. But who will grudge this necessary care? Beauty is always worth its cost. In his chapter on "Pests," Mr. Hibberd makes some remarks on a certain domestic animal much petted by maiden ladies, which will seem to these latter atrociously cruel. "What rabbits are to men," he says, "cats are to grape-vines; they nourish and they are wholesome":—from which we are left to infer that the proper use of poor tabby is to serve as manure for the vine, a doctrine against the practical application of which our gratitude to Mr. Hibberd shall not prevent us from entering a solemn protest.

The Crystal Palace Game: a Voyage round the World. An Entertaining Excursion in Search of Knowledge, whereby Geography is made Easy. By Smith Evans. (Davis & Co.).—The idea of this little work is capital, the execution less so. By means of a simple game, to the comprehension of which the youngest child in a nursery school-room is equal, it turns the acquisition of knowledge into a play. But it requires a teacher. A "Key" to the mystery is sold with the board; but this Key is of little use, as it asks a great many questions without giving answers; and in place of necessary information, we have not unfrequently bad puns and wretched street slang. Take the following balderdash by way of illustration:—(the ship is supposed to have arrived at the Antipodes):—"Read the Tables, and reflect on the vast extent of the British Empire, 'on which the sun never sets'—to which curious notion add, 'nor the tax-gatherer proud to bed!!' Well may our gracious Queen be proud of her dominions, in which slaves cannot live. Sing 'God save the Queen'—if you can. You are also at liberty to turn two summersaults, by way of exemplifying the revolutions of the globe. Suppose you were shot through the tunnel, what a glorious 'bore' it would be!!" Surely Mr. Evans cannot think this pleasantry! Take one other example of his style:—(the vessel has now arrived in the Gulf of Mexico): "Whilst flowing on with the stream, and all apparently serene, the ship suddenly strikes on a rock and is wrecked." The purchaser will do well to put the "Key" into the fire. Without it the board is perfectly intelligible; and the acute teacher who rewards good conduct by the 'Voyage Round the World' will know better what to explain to his pupils, so as to engage their interest in the places and events described than the book can tell him.

The Confession of Faith; or the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, with the Scripture Proofs at large; together with the Sum of Saving Knowledge. (Edinburgh, Seton; London, Whittaker).—The authorized formularies of the Church of Scotland, with all their panoply of Scripture-proofs, have never been printed in a more satisfactory or readable form. Here they are, in the hardness impressed upon them by the period in which they took their rise. Not even the typography of the Edinburgh University Press can invest the Solemn League and Covenant, or the Directory of the Westminster Assembly, with anything like an attractive external character;—as to their real, substantive, and solemn meaning, we presume not to deal with it. Whilst we give this praise to the typography and form of the book in general, we hope we may be allowed, without offence to any sensitive friend of the rights of Scotland, to inquire what may be the meaning of the peculiar form in which the kingly crown and the royal arms are presented on the title-page? We say nothing of the regal animals on each side—which is a sore subject, we

believe, to those who are deep in Scotland's heraldic grievances:—but may we ask, what has happened to the royal arms in Scotland? They look, for all the world, as if they had been subjected to centuries of hydraulic pressure. If the empire of Russia had been piled upon the top of them for years past, they would scarcely, we should think, have assumed more of the pancake character. If this be not one of the Scottish sore points, regard for Art, as well as some true conception of our national dignity, ought to stir up the good people of Edinburgh to let us have a more adequate representation of the crown and the quarterings, under the protection of which the Firths of Forth and Tay have as yet been spared the visitation of a hostile Russian fleet.

The History of Christian Churches and Sects, from the Earliest Ages of Christianity. By the Rev. J. B. Marsden. Part V. (Bentley.)—The conclusion of the Society of Friends, the Greek Church, the Gnostics, the Huntingdonians, the Independents, the Church of Ireland, and the Irvingites occupy this part of Mr. Marsden's volume. Subjects of vital moment and interest, not only in the past but in the present, are connected with almost every one of these religious bodies. But the author is too much in a hurry to pause, even where his readers would most desire him to be communicative. The article on the Quakers is the best, and that on the Greek Church the worst, we have yet seen in this book. The history of the Greek Church for the last two centuries, including its present condition, which is most nearly, as the author sees, connected with the present war, is dismissed in a quarter of a page; and we betide the miserable wight who supposes that he can obtain any idea of the actual position and relative circumstances of the Church of Ireland from what the author has written upon that subject. In a certain fairy tale we read of a garment which a tailor put together with a red-hot needle and a burning thread. It did not last long; nor will the author's 'History of Christian Churches,' unless he abates a little of his fiery haste and inconsiderateness. We wish he would do so; for the subject is a good one, and the author can do better than he does here.

The World a Workshop; or, the Physical Relation of Man to Earth. By Thomas Ewbank. (New York, Appleton & Co.)—We have heard a professor in one of our Universities describe the Deity as "a divine factotum." Mr. Ewbank falls not far short of this eccentric style. In his effort to be familiar, he arranges the world as a factory, with an overseer and operatives, combining to produce one result. Having adopted this plan, which is bad, he proceeds to its development, which is not original. There is a theory somewhere proposed and argued, but its principles have eluded us; and all we can make out of the volume is a confused view of the productive processes continually taking place on our terraqueous globe. Mr. Ewbank's error arises mainly from his resolve to esteem all things as inferior to chemistry and mechanics. These sciences, conducing to "the elaboration of matter," include the entire design of our mundane economy. All else is subordinate or illusory. But, unless it be to exalt material industry, we do not see why Mr. Ewbank is so fervent or so positive. And if it be so to exalt the industrial arts, that he has composed this ingenious treatise, let us suggest that no one can produce a philosophical essay without proving that "the elaboration of matter" is not the highest function of man on earth.

A "ruby edition," in one volume, of *Moore's Poetical Works* has been issued by the Messrs. Longman—a very close, portable, and useful edition for travel or reference. The type, though small, is singularly clear. But why not the "emerald edition"?—Dr. Forbes has reprinted *The Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa* from his larger work 'Travels in the Alps of Savoy.'—A series of pleasant papers have been gathered from various sources by Mr. Dudley Costello, under the title of *Stories from a Screen*.—The fourteenth and fifteenth volumes of *The Illustrated History of England* have appeared.—Sir William Napier has reprinted, with some additions and corrections, his extracts from the 'Peninsular War,' under the title *English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula*.—

We have before us reprints of *The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood*, the friend of Milton and Penn, with the supplement by Joseph Wyeth,—*Memoir of Vice-Admiral Sir Jachet Brenton*,—*The Forger's Wife*, by Mr. John Lang,—Part I. of "Works of the Rev. Dr. M'Crie," edited by his son, and containing his *Life of Knox*,—Vol. IV. of the *Select Works of Dr. Chalmers*,—and the April edition of *Webster's Royal Red Book*.—The various Libraries have received their usual additions. Messrs. Chapman & Hall's "Select Library of Fiction" has been enriched by Mrs. Gaskill's *Cranford*, and Miss Mulock's *Ogilvies*,—Mr. Hodgson's "Parlour Library," by Margaret Maitland and *The Castle of Ehrenstein*,—Messrs. Routledge's "Railway Library," by *The Hour and the Man*.—We have on our table a reprint of Capt. Marryat's *Frank Mildmay*,—Mrs. Stowe's *Tales and Sketches of New England Life*,—and two short tales, which we infer are reprints, though we are not sure, *The Sisters and Jonas Clint*, both from the press of Messrs. J. & J. Parker. M. Havet's *Complete French Class-Book* reappears in a "new and improved" edition.—The following have appeared in second editions:—*Poems*, by Mary Brotherton,—*Favourite Song Birds*, by H. G. Adams,—*Practical Illustrations of the Principles of School Architecture*, by Henry Bernard,—*London Traders' Tokens* (Beaufoy Cabinet),—*Manual of Arithmetic*, by Messrs. Galbraith & Houghton,—Archdeacon Hare's *Vindication of Luther*,—the Bishop of Oxford's *Rome; Her New Dogma and Our Duties*,—and Mr. Headland's *Essay on the Action of Medicines in the System*.—Prof. Johnstone's *Analysis of Soils* appears in a third edition,—and Mr. Montgomery's *Omnipotence of the Deity* in a "twenty-eighth edition."—We may also announce the publication, in a separate form, of the *Dublin Journal of Industrial Progress*, and *Journal of Social Progress*, both edited by Mr. W. K. Sullivan.—*The Kilkenny and South of Ireland Archaeological Society* have published their "Proceedings and Transactions" for 1854.—Among recent issues of works in parts we must announce the appearance of Part XII. of Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*,—of Part IV. of the *Dictionary of Architecture*, by the Architectural Publication Society,—of Parts III., IV., and V. of Mr. Hatton's *Water-Colour without a Master*,—Part VI. of Mr. B. R. Morris's *British Game Birds*,—Part XXVII. of *The English Cyclopædia*, conducted by Mr. Charles Knight,—Parts V., VI., VII. of Mr. G. Barnard's *Theory and Practice of Landscape-Painting in Water-Colours*,—and Part XIV. of *The Land we Live in* (Orr & Co.).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aston's Modern Cookery, new edit. 6s. 7s. 6d. cl.
Ainsworth's Ballads, Fantastic and Humorous, illust. 3s. 6d. cl.
Black's Tourist's Guide to Hampshire and Dorsetshire, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Black's Tourist's Guide to Hampshire and Dorsetshire, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Blackstone's Commentaries, abridged by Warren, post 8vo. 12s. cl.
Baker's (R. A.) and Sons' Book, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Blunt's (J. H.) Atonement, 6s. 2s. 6d. cl.
Bowman's Practical Handbook of Med. Chemistry, new ed. 6s. 6d.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, illust. by Foster, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Codd's Sermons to a Country Congregation, Second Series, 6s. 6d. cl.
Cole's (A. W.) The World in Light and Shade, 6s. 7s. 6d. cl.
Constantine, or, Last Days of an Empire, by Spencer, 2 vols. 18s.
Daniel's Divine Comedy, Notes on Translation, by Cayley, 10s. 6d.
Delassaux & Elliott's Street Architecture, Steel Engravings, 25s.
Des Carrières' French Idiomatical Phrases, 14th edit. 3s. 6d. cl.
Edison's Legitimate System of National Education, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Excelsior, Vol. 3, 8s. 8vo. 4s. cl.
Gurney's (A.) Iphigenia at Delphi, 8vo. 6s. cl.
Heathman's (Rev. W. G.) Switzerland in 1854-5, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Hogg's Instructor, Vol. 4, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.
Holden's History of the Colony of Natal, Maps, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Huysh's (Miss J. M.) Bible Stories—Animals, 16mo. 2s. cl.
Irish Widow, by Author of 'Poor Paddy's Cabin,' 1s. 6d. awd.
James's County Voter's Manual, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Jewett's Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, 8c. 3 vols. 3s. cl.
Kenrick's (John) Phenicia, maps and illustrations, 8vo. 16s. cl.
Kidd's (W.) The Canary, people's edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Lardner's Museum of Science and Art, Vols. 5 and 6 in 1 vol. 2s. 6d.
Lectures of the Young Men's Christian Association, 1850-4, new edit. 8s. 8vo. 4s. cl., 1854-5, 8s. 8vo. 4s. cl.
Leigh, Remarkable Incidents in Life of, by Strachan, 2nd edit. 4s.
Mozley's (Rev. J. B.) Augustinian Doctrine Predestination, 8vo. 14s.
Murray's British Classics, Gibbon's Roman Empire, Vol. 8, 8s.
Newcomb's (Rev. H.) Cyclopædia of Missions, new edit. 8vo. 18s.
Noble's (Dr. D.) Elements of Psychological Medicine, 2nd edit. 10s.
North and South, by the Author of 'Mary Barton,' 2nd edit. 2s.
Pike's Memoir and Remains, edit. by J. R. and J. C. Pike, 8s. 6d.
Post Office Directory, Lincolnshire, royal 8vo. 10s. cl.
Protestant Martyrs, by the Rev. R. Maquire, 8mo. 2s. cl.
Rieser's (Mlle.) French Book, 14th Series, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Rival Roses, by the Author of 'Royals and Roundheads,' 31s. 6d.
Run & Read Lib. 'Pilgrims of New England,' by Mrs. Webb, 1s. 6d.
Scott's (W.) Sermons on Various Subjects, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Snow's Sketches of American Life, 8mo. 1s. cl.
Trench's Memoir and Remains, by Dr. Andrew Thompson, 2s. 6d.
Trip to the Trenches in February and March, 1855, 2nd edit. 7s. 6d.
True Stories from Modern History, 4th edit. 18mo. 5s. cl.
Twemlow's Considerations on Tactics and Strategy, 2nd edit. 6s.
Twining's Types and Figures of the Bible, 4th. 21s. cl.
Webster's (G.) Homes for the Poor, 8vo. 3s. cl.
Webster's Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels, 2nd edit. 16s. 6d.

THE JOURNALISTIC REVOLUTION.

SOME few of the consequences of the abolition of the newspaper stamp are already seen. Among our established contemporaries in London, there is much reserve: the daily papers withhold to the last moment their declaration as to modifications, if any, which they may propose to make in price or mode of publication. The weekly papers are, for the most part, equally secretive; only one here and there—such as *Lloyd's Newspaper*—announcing that the penny which the Government presents to them,—so far as concerns the unstamped impression,—they will in turn present to the public. But there is a host of new papers. Messrs. Willett & Ledger announce a penny newspaper; and there are other such, less authentically rumoured. There is a twopenny illustrated paper, the *Illustrated Times*,—of which a number is out, lightly and prettily executed, and likely enough to run its heavily-weighted rival closely; and no doubt an existing penny illustrated paper will, for the future, give its readers news. There is Mr. Charles Knight's twopenny weekly newspaper already out. There is a new daily paper advertised, of "full size," for 2d.,—but everything else unknown, so that speculation is forbidden as to the effect of such a competition on the existing daily papers. All this,—and we confine ourselves to actual advertisements, without reference to rumours of other experiments,—indicates agitation in the newspaper market, and suggests some excitement in the newsreader's mind during the next few months, while matters are settling down.

It is possibly a mistake to suppose that, because persons can print cheaply under the new law, they are sure of a market. Probably most of those who can pay a penny for their literature were, to a great extent, already supplied with some sort of paper: certainly, the natural tendency, under such circumstances as the present, is to over-supply the market, and to risk a good deal of capital. Some few, however, of the new ventures may succeed: the settling down will be of those papers which are not really cheap, which are only of a low price,—between which things the difference is vast: the public will not have useless papers, even though they are offered for nothing. But it is a great point, and a great public benefit, for which we are indebted to Sir G. C. Lewis, that the public are here seeing the results of free trade, and being enabled to make their choice of good articles at their natural price. Worthless papers may be proffered, and even obtruded: yet the public will in the end take due care of itself. At any rate, there is no announcement—so far as we see—of vicious or seditious trash,—nay, not even of that great piratical paper, which, we were assured, and as Sir G. C. Lewis was half persuaded, would be prepared for us every morning at eleven o'clock, with the contents of all the other morning papers packed up in it, after being duly filched.

What, for the present, more interests us, because there is here more clearness of result and greater explicitness of intention, is the revolution which the change of law appears to be preparing in the provincial press. At Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow the revolution is announced in its completeness. At Manchester, one of the greatest of provincial papers, the *Manchester Guardian*,—the revenues of which were those of a Prince, and for which even Ministers are said to have written,—will cease to appear in its bulky bi-weekly form and at its ancient price of 4½d. per copy, and will become a daily paper, size of the *Times*, at the price of 2d. per copy. Its powerful rival in the same city, the *Manchester Examiner*, has challenged the new era quite as boldly: it is to come out on Saturdays, size of the *Times* and Supplement, at the price of 3d.,—while it will come out also daily, size of the *Globe*, for 1d. At Liverpool, the *Liverpool Mercury*, a great property, of large circulation, continues to be a bi-weekly paper,—but it reduces its price to 2½d., though one of its impressions is double the size of the *Times*. The *Liverpool Journal*, another prominent paper of Lancashire,—written with a power and knowledge which would honour any of our metropolitan contemporaries,—publishes on Saturdays an enormous paper for 3d., and daily a paper,

size of the *Globe*, for 1d.,—being the first paper to announce a penny news publication. Already, in Liverpool, there was a daily paper, the *Daily Times*, which reduces its price from 3d. to 2d. At Glasgow an existing daily paper takes the same course; but there are no less than four penny daily papers to be published in the metropolis of Scotland, which is greatly to the credit of the spirit, if rather in excess both of the population and the means, of the modern Athens. The *Scotsman* advertises a sheet every morning at 1d., besides continuing as a bi-weekly organ of its party. The *Caledonian Mercury* is announced to issue daily at 1½d. The *Courant* promises something—we do not quite know what, the *Courant* is so “canny” and cautious in its expressions,—but, at least, something daily. The *Edinburgh Guardian* (a young paper, which told the world that it would equal the *Spectator*, *Examiner*, and *Leader*, of London,) consents to die, but re-appears as a *Daily Express* at 1d. Then, in Glasgow, in addition to the existing daily paper, a *Daily News* is attempted, at what Mr. Richard Swiveller called “an absurdly low price,” and a *Morning Bulletin* is to be sold at 1d.,—while a *Glasgow Times* looms in the distances as a daily paper. Of press doings in other large provincial towns we know nothing very authentic; but it is obvious that what can be done in Manchester can—and probably will—be done in Birmingham, in Leeds, and in Sheffield. In Dublin we find that the historical *Freeman* is to come out daily at 1d., while Irish weekly papers announce large reductions,—the *Nation*, for instance, reducing its price from 6d. to 4d.

From these circumstances it would appear as though newspaper people were more energetic in the provinces than in London:—for if a penny morning paper is possible in Liverpool it would appear to be more likely to succeed—just in proportion to population—in London. The London journalist may perhaps be disposed to account for the contrast by resorting to the tone which he took in his communications with members of Parliament during the discussions on the bill,—he may say, “They are all pirates in the provinces, they live on us, and are therefore at no expense.” But, from what we can make out, on examination of one of these daily papers of the provinces, we cannot see that the charge is well founded. It is, of course, not to be expected that the provincial paper will always—in every respect—be equal to the London paper; and this may be said apart from any question of resources: for even although the same man may write for a Manchester paper and for a London paper, he will necessarily write his best and express his largest convictions in the paper which takes the national point of view and which addresses a nation. It is also pretty clear that no single sheet—whether metropolitan or provincial—can attain to the perfection of the broad and all-embracing *Times*, even in the mere newspaper aspect. But a daily paper published in Liverpool or Manchester may, nevertheless, be a production useful to its locality and creditable to the English intellect.

As to the great question about Piracy—on which some of our friends excite themselves a great deal—we confess we see little cause for alarm. The *Athenæum* is probably one of the papers most highly favoured by the professors of paste and scissors. Most of the provincial journals owe us something: we read for them and write for them without fee. They adopt our opinions and borrow our correspondence. They extract our extracts and copy our gossip—very often with, sometimes without, acknowledgment. But we do not complain. We seek to be useful to our own readers—and have no objection to be useful to the readers of other periodicals. As to the piracy of news, we suspect there is really less of it than many people think.

The reports of proceedings in Parliament on Friday nights appear in the Saturday morning paper at Liverpool, and other distant towns, without any aid from the London press. The Telegraph Companies collect and sell the foreign news to the Provincial as well as to the London papers. These Companies have their corps of stenographers in the galleries of Parliament, and their correspondents in Paris, Vienna, Brus-

sels, Berlin; in short, at every centre of news—commercial and political—they have active and able collectors of it; and they telegraph it incessantly, intercommunicating it to all parts of Europe. From Vienna they send it to the *Times*, sometimes taking the news from the Vienna papers;—and we scarcely see that it is more piracy to fasten, on occasion, on some semi-official announcement of the *Times*, and send it on to Manchester or Liverpool, than it is for the same collectors of news to seize on paragraphs in the *Moniteur* or *Oest Correspondenz* and transmit them to London. The chief papers in the provinces are almost independent, in parliamentary and foreign news, of the London press; and if, on a second day, a fully-reported speech, or an excellent paragraph, or a smart article, is copied *in extenso*, what is that but the system which has always prevailed, and which is an advantageous system so far as regards the reputation and the sale of the journal from which the extract is copied? There is no immediate piracy; and, to that extent, we see in the number of announcements of Provincial cheap papers nothing but the legitimate issue of a change in the law. These cheap Provincial daily papers are mostly excellent in their local characteristics, and contain prompt and full supply of reports of markets and of local proceedings generally. They will probably obtain large circulations; and politicians must begin to see that England is getting into the condition, in regard to the press, of the United States, where the political student must look to the New Orleans as well as to the New York journals in order to understand whether public opinion is working. It cannot be otherwise than an advantage to our social life to see the Provincial press thus elevated in importance; and we can see no reason why, in the competition, journalistic talent should be confined to the London press. In point of fact, that is not the case. Nearly all the successful journals of the great towns—the *Manchester Guardian*, *Liverpool Mercury*, *Leeds Mercury*, *Liverpool Journal*—have been managed and edited, like all successful journals in London and Paris, by their proprietors, who, of course, reside near their papers. But the very circumstance of their success in a direction where political and literary as well as commercial talents are required, suggests their intellectual equality with the London journalist of the ordinary calibre; and, as is very well known, every one of these great journals, affluent enough to command literary skill and political capacity, has its London editors or correspondents, many of whom are at the same time contributors to London journals of first class character. In future, therefore, we shall have to look at the Provincial daily paper—with its 20,000 or 30,000, or perhaps 100,000 readers—with more interest,—with, at least, not less interest, in its kind, than we attach to the London morning paper.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

AN hour or two were spent by me so agreeably the other day at Ypres, that for the benefit of travellers “out” or “home” I beg leave to say as much in a paragraph;—seeing that Ypres has been out of the beaten way till lately, when the line of railroad from Bruges (*via Courtrai*) to Poperinghe was opened,—and seeing that the old town is spoken of in the Red Book as a place scant of attractions—the Town Hall excepted.—To begin, this exception is not made enough of. There could be hardly mentioned a single building of simple design better worth the trouble of a long day’s journey (were that needed) than this same Town Hall at Ypres. Prints and water-colour drawings have already shown to the English lover of architecture that it does not compete with the *Hôtels de Ville* of Brussels and Louvain in richness of pannel and pinnacle,—but no print or picture had prepared me for the grandeur of its effect, caused, I fancy, not wholly by scale, but also by that general justness of proportion and harmony of detail, the charm of which strikes at the first glance. What hints might not our domestic and municipal architects derive from the upper story of this grand building!

The lower one, with its range of pillars and piers, is poorer,—perhaps it has been tampered with;—but the central tower is grand without heaviness, and commands the thoroughfares of the town in a manner dignified enough to make English pilgrims sigh, who recollect how systematically, when we have an object of interest, it is pushed away into some by-place, so that no good view of it is attainable. Behind the Town Hall stands the Cathedral of St. Martin. The Red Book makes light of this building; yet the interior is almost as richly dressed with marbles as the Antwerp Churches. The tower is in the style of the tower at Malines, and purer in some of its details, while the extensive and excellent restorations in progress at one of the transepts are calculated to engage any pilgrim ecologically disposed.—But, besides these two great buildings, a stroll through Ypres emboldens me to fancy that it may have many other street-pictures to show. The old manufacture which bears the name of the town, (which Porson so whimsically derived from the Greek pronoun, and from which he more whimsically still derived *King Pepin*,) diaper, has shifted its seat from Ypres to Courtrai, where capital table-linen is now manufactured; but some of the old diaper-makers’ houses have gables and gateways,—and it is fair to guess, inner details, too,—as good as Ghent or Bruges can furnish. Out of these houses look the hand-somest faces I have seen in Belgium. A young Sister of some holy order, in her black, white, and blue dress, who was endeavouring, like a prudent hen, to gather her flock of restless children within the shadow of the school archway, will be remembered for her countenance of fresh, grand beauty, such as could not be exceeded in an Italian town, where the very fish-wives and fig-sellers seem so many Pastas!—This passing allusion to comestibles reminds me of another good impression made on me during that noon at Ypres:—a dinner at “The Golden Head,” where the bread, fish, and vegetables were of memorable excellence, capitally cooked, and presided over by an urbane and intelligent host, and where the table-talk, as I have more than once ere this remarked is the case in Belgium, ran on flowers and gardens and farming,—pleasanter topics these for the passing traveller than that eternal comparison of hotel charges and hotel bills which makes up the staple of such casual dinner conversation in Germany!—Such are some of the features, the remembered pleasantness of which makes me beg a corner for Ypres. C.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Twenty-fifth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is fixed for Wednesday the 12th of September, at Glasgow. The Duke of Argyll will preside. The following general officers are appointed for the year:—Vice Presidents, The Very Rev. Principal M’Farlane, D.D., Sir William Jardine, Bart., Sir Charles Lyell, Messrs. James Smith and Walter Crum, and Profs. Graham and Thomson; General Secretary, Col. Sabine; Assistant General Secretary, Mr. John Phillips; General Treasurer, Mr. John Taylor; Secretaries for the Meeting at Glasgow, Drs. J. Strang and T. Anderson, and Mr. William Gourlie; Treasurer for the Meeting at Glasgow, Prof. W. Ramsay. The sectional officers will be chosen on the day of meeting.

We understand that at the Oxford Commemoration on the 20th inst., the Poet Laureate will be created a D.C.L. This honour will also be conferred on Col. Sabine, and Sir Charles Lyell.

At the next meeting of the Royal Society, Sir Roderick Murchison, Director General of the Geological Survey, will read a paper ‘On the Aerolite recently discovered in the Heart of a Tree at Battersea.’ This specimen, in part composed of meteoric iron, and in part of stony matter, has been acquired for the Museum of Practical Geology, and will be exhibited at the Royal Society next Thursday,—when Prof. Shepher, of the United States, so distinguished for his acquaintance with meteorites, will also be present.

The Regius Professorship of Civil Law in the University of Oxford, recently vacated by the death of Dr. Joseph Phillimore, has been filled up by

the appointment of Dr. Travers Twiss, Vicar-general of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and recently Professor of Political Economy in the same University.

A certain basket of glass belonged to a certain *Alnaschar*, in a certain fairy tale, which the wisdom of ages has accepted as a type of wild projects and immoderate ambitions. That "brittle ware" and its morals have been brought back to us, as with a side-wind, by the plans for metropolitan communications lately submitted to the Government by Sir Joseph Paxton. These at first sight seem absolutely Oriental in their scope and sublimity,—resembling some decree of *Kubla Khan* in 'Xanadu' rather than a working project which has been laid before H.R.H. Prince Albert, and has obtained "his entire approval." To connect our scattered railway lines, and to ease the choked thoroughfares which traverse London, Sir Joseph proposes to establish a circular road, or girle, ten miles three furlongs long, with lines of railway, "worked on the atmospheric principle," on either side of a crystal arcade, 72 feet wide, and 180 feet high, lined with shops. The plan further includes three new bridges over the river—one at Queenhithe, one at the Strand, one at Westminster. The roads, with arcades, &c., are to cross Kensington Gardens. The project is backed by a scheme for raising the required millions of money—and those precise calculations as to traffic, dividends, &c., which fall into rank so excellently on paper. The advantages are stated to be without stint or limit, besides the obvious one of economizing time and facilitating communication. Granted the arcade tenanted with shopkeepers and filled with shoppers, among other benefits to London, it is contemplated "to prevent the necessity of infirm persons going into foreign countries in winter." Are we wrong, when we come upon such a gravely-stated probability as the last, appertaining to the use of Crystal architecture on so gigantic a scale, in being reminded of *Alnaschar*? While we ask the question, however, let us bear in mind the first day of trial of locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, close by "the skew bridge" (as it is called in Lancashire) at Rainhill. On the bank above the iron road was collected the engineering wisdom and enterprise of England—*Nestors* as well as *Diomedes* of mechanical science—men of every age and of every degree of confidence in the new principle. "Sir," said one authority, venerable in years and high in renown, to his neighbour, who bowed to catch the oracle,—"I don't doubt that they can make the engines; but that they can ever make them keep the rail when they are made, is —" Ere the veteran could follow his "absolute is" by an adjective:—something dashed from under the bridge, with its smoke-flag flying,—rattled past him,—and was gone!—The riddle was solved—the doubt settled—the feat performed. Therefore, while we hint that Sir Joseph's plans seem Utopian, let us not be understood to commit the *Athenæum* to saying that it is impossible for ten miles of new shops to be tenanted with new tenants without ruin to the old quarters of the town,—nor that any delicate Lady may find a Madeira—a Malta—a Nice where Union Street was,—and a *Hygeian* fountain in a covered railway station over the Thames, somewhere about 3 P.M. on a November afternoon. With the question of finance we do not pretend to intermeddle, while dreaming over a dream.

A contemporary, whose "Table Talk" about the Lockhart Testimonial we corrected a few days ago, not content with being set right, returns to the subject, and, of course, gets deeper into error. "While correcting ourselves," he says, "we can also correct our contemporary"—meaning the *Athenæum*. He then goes on to tell his readers that the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ellis, whom we described as taking a deep interest in the "Testimonial," is not a Right Honourable and a Privy Councillor, but a simple Knight, who ought to be known to every man of letters as Librarian to the British Museum! Were it not that we know how painful this confusion of persons is to the parties concerned, we should not think it worth our while

to repeat, that the Sir Henry Ellis who is active in the matter of this "Testimonial" is not Sir Henry of the British Museum, and is a Right Honourable, a Privy Councillor, a K.C.B.,—and as the author of a history of Lord Amherst's 'Embassy to China,' published by Mr. Murray, is a man who "ought to be known to every man of letters."

The second exhibition of flowers and fruit took place on Wednesday last at the Royal Botanic Society's gardens, Regent's Park. Although the weather was uncertain and slight showers of rain alarmed the company, the attendance was very numerous. The gardens never looked to greater advantage; although the lilac and horse-chestnut had ceased to exhibit their flowers, the hawthorns and laburnums still retained their beauty. In the large tent the great objects of attraction were the orchids, which were both in excellence and number unusual. The fruit, as was to be expected, was not perhaps equal to the same exhibition in previous years. The rhododendrons, preparing for Monday's exhibition, excited a lively interest among the exhibitors. Seldom have they given more promise, and already the space devoted to them presents a blaze of colour of extraordinary beauty and variety.

On Wednesday next the second meeting of the Horticultural Society will be held,—this time the gathering will take place at the old classic ground of Flora, Chiswick.

Messrs. Low & Son ask our attention to what they call our "attack" on Dr. Andrews's 'Latin Dictionary,' and to the opinion we pronounced on the work some years ago. We have compared our opinions:—and abide by them. The statement that the Dictionaries of Dr. Andrews and Dr. Smith are mainly derived from the same sources, necessarily implies that the commendation bestowed upon one is to some extent applicable to the other. The points of superiority which we think Dr. Smith's Dictionary may claim, are its masterly treatment of etymology—its correction of mistakes in the original—and the skill displayed in its editorship. What we said as to the preparation of Dr. Andrews's Lexicon—as we stated at the time—was little more than simple inference from the statements in his Preface, supported by an examination of the contents, which was necessarily brief. Subsequent use of the book has revealed to us many faults,—faults for which Dr. Andrews is not always responsible: Dr. Freund must share the blame. Some of the blunders which we had marked on the margin of Dr. Andrews's 'Dictionary'—and which we took the trouble to trace back to the German original,—we found, on reference, that Dr. Smith had corrected. Such a discovery gave us confidence in the care and accuracy of the editor, and allowed us to speak in high terms inferentially of the whole work.

Strange things are to be learnt now-a-days:—Caligraphy, *Potichomanie*, French in six lessons, Fencing in one; but we never, till within the week, heard or read of an Ambition-master. Here, however, is the advertisement of such a parliamentary *Mr. Turveydrop*, literally transcribed from the columns of a morning paper.—

"Politics.—Any Gentleman whose ambition leads him to public life, and prompts him to soar above the characteristic mediocrity of modern representation when seats are sought to found a trade, or ephemeralise a speculation, can have his wishes promoted, and his ambition directed, by one who is qualified by education and Parliamentary experience.—Address, —"

—Perhaps, before he goes any further on the suggested way to fame, the "gentleman whose ambition leads him to public life," will ask Mr. — why any man should desire to "ephemeralise a speculation."

Mrs. Everett Green, as we are informed, is preparing for publication the 'Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Brunswick.'

An inquiry has lately been conducted before a select committee of the House of Lords for the purpose of ascertaining whether it may not be desirable to construct standard measures of length on the plan of Mr. Whitworth of Manchester; the principle being that the standard is obtained by measuring the distance between the perfectly flat ends of a solid bar having true surfaces. The present standard yard made by the Royal Com-

missioners, is so contrived that the dimensions are determined by measuring with the aid of microscopes the distance between two points, each about an inch from the ends of the bar, which is made of gun-metal. This is an extremely delicate operation; whereas, by Mr. Whitworth's machine, which measures to the millionth of an inch, standard measures can be constructed with very great accuracy, the test being that of touch, by which errors can be detected to the millionth of an inch. Mr. Whitworth explained his measuring machine to the Committee, and so satisfactory has his evidence been, that we believe the Committee have come to the decision of recommending "that his standard yard measure constructed of the same length as that of the Royal Commission, be legalized as the secondary standard for comparison with local standards of measure throughout the country, and that his standard foot and inch have the same sanction attached to them."

London is alive with illustrations of the war. At the "Gallery" in Regent Street, Messrs. Grieve & Telbin have added to their series of attractive pictures two new scenes—one representing a night attack by Gen. Pelissier's troops, and the other, Mr. Fergusson's new system of Fortification. The night attack is particularly spirited and exciting—At the Great Globe, in Leicester Square, the large model of Cronstadt is being prepared for the events of the coming campaign in the Baltic. Even at the Surrey Gardens a fine model of Sevastopol has been erected for the amusement of holiday-makers.—Of the splendid picture at the Panorama in Leicester Square, we have already spoken; and a fresh view of its striking and raised surface has deepened our first impression of its artistic beauty.—In this place, we may announce the appearance of Part II. of Capt. Biddulph's 'Topographical Sketches of the Ground before Sevastopol, accompanied by an Explanatory Description,' showing the position of the Mamelon, the Malakof Tower, the Redan, and the connecting works. This is a very able and instructive work; though the form is a little too professional for general readers.

From Paris we hear that the French government has granted a fresh delay of three years for the completion of the two dictionaries—French and Arabic, and Arabic and French—for which two prizes of 5,000 francs each, were offered by a decree of the 29th of November, 1852. From the same place we hear that M. Lamartine—whose literary activity is most remarkable—is about to commence a series of contributions to the *Siccle* newspaper.

M. Cortambert, First Secretary of the *Société de Géographie*, has published a map of the celebrities of France, showing the distribution of talent over the country by indicating the birth-places of the great men. It appears, from this map, that the district of *La Manche* has produced the greatest number of poets, historians, philosophers and artists;—that the part of the country near the North Sea is the cradle of most of the great warriors;—that orators, naturalists, physicians and inventors were mostly born in the regions of the Mediterranean;—and that the number of politicians and lawyers is fairly balanced between the Mediterranean and *La Manche*.

The Town Library of Trieste is said to possess 772 different editions of Petrarch's Poems, and 123 of the works of Pope Pius the Second (*Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini*, Bishop of Trieste). The Library contains at present 24,000 volumes, mostly works on commerce, navigation, geography, &c. Last year twenty-two very rare editions were added to the collection of the works of Petrarch and *Æneas Sylvius*.

The old Guelphic castle of "Weibertreue" (well known by Bürger's ballad, 'Die Weiber von Weinsberg') is to be rebuilt, we read in the German papers, by the munificence of the King of Wurtemberg, who intends to establish in it a female Walhalla.—"Eine Ehrenhalle für verdiente grosse deutsche Frauen." Prof. Heidehoff, the Wurtemberg architect, has suggested the plan to the King,—old, amiable Justinus Kerner, of Weinsberg (now, with Uhland, one of the patriarchs of the Suabian poets), supports it,—and the Queen

of Wurtemberg has accepted the patronage of the undertaking.

The famous controversialist, Dr. David Strauss, of Ludwigsburg (Author of 'The Life of Jesus'), has retired, we are told, from theological polemics, and has devoted himself to literary pursuits of a more peaceable nature. He is making minute and valuable researches as to the lives of the older poets and artists of his Suabian fatherland; and after having published some years since a very interesting biography of Schubart, the patriotic prisoner of the Hohen-Asperg, he is now preparing a work on the old Wurtemberg poet, Frischlin, who, after having been incarcerated for his various vehement writings in the Castle of Hohen-Urach, tried to escape, but in scaling one of the high walls broke his skull, and died in the attempt. Revolutionary characters, it appears, are still most attractive to the learned Doctor, even after having retired himself from the scene of agitation. Monographs of this kind, however, cannot fail to be of the greatest use to the history of German literature in general.

Among other objects of interest shown at the conversations of the Royal Society last week, were a series of photographic copies of the magnetic registers at the Royal Observatory. These were of special interest in a double point of view, both as copies of photographs produced by artificial light, and as copies of records far too important in their bearing upon magnetic inquiry to risk the casualties of an engraver's office, and too nice in their details to be of value unless impressed as fac-similes. The perfection to which these copies have been brought by Mr. Glaisher, leaves little to be desired, many of them, even, being more vivid than the originals, the multiplication of which promises to be of scarcely less importance than the first application of photography to the registration of the magnets, which until then had been recorded by the usual method of observation, and was necessarily wanting to the continuity secured by Mr. Brooke's method by the application of photography. By a modification of the same process there were exhibited a collection of British ferns by Mrs. Glaisher, from specimens selected by Mr. Newman. These beautiful copies, the size of life, and perfect in all their details, promise to be of value to the botanist, to whose requirements they are better adapted than any that have yet been placed at his command. Their effect is that of delicate sepia drawings, and at the same time that the venation of the leaves is displayed with the fidelity and delicacy of the original, it is, as in nature, only to be detected on near inspection. Our acquaintance with the natural history of the ferns, and their peculiar elegance of form, is likely to be much increased by this valuable and interesting series, which, we understand, is in course of publication by Mr. Newman. The same process likewise supplied numerous copies of snow crystals, as observed by Mr. Glaisher, and drawn and photographed by Mrs. Glaisher. The application of photography in this, one of its most elementary but important branches, promises to be an important feature in aid of philosophical inquiry, and is well worthy of considerable extension in its applications.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight to Seven o'clock), 1s.; Catalogue, 1s. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A. Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, close to Trafalgar Square.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THIS SOCIETY IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Season Ticket, 1s.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Mall Pall.—The Gallery, with a COLLECTION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, IS OPEN DAILY, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

GALLERY OF GERMAN ARTISTS.—THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF MODERN GERMAN ARTISTS, IS NOW OPEN daily, from 10 till 6.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.—Gallery, 168, New Bond Street, next door to the Clarendon.

THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS IS NOW OPEN daily, from 10 to 6 o'clock, at the Gallery, 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

WIDOWS and ORPHANS OF BRITISH OFFICERS who fell in the WAR with RUSSIA.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL DRAWINGS and upwards of 1,200 Works of Art, by Amateurs and others, in aid of the Fund for the relief of these most interesting objects of their country's sympathy, IS NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON HOUSE, Piccadilly.—Admission, 1s.—All the Works are for Sale.

CHALON EXHIBITION, SOCIETY OF ARTS.—This Collection of the Paintings, Drawings, and Sketches of the late JOHN CHALON, Esq., R.A., with a selection from the Works of ALFRED E. CHALON, Esq., R.A., IS NOW OPEN, at the Society's House, Adelphi.—Admission, 1s.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—An Exhibition of the finest English, French and Italian Photographs IS NOW OPEN at the PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTITUTION, 168, New Bond Street.—Open from 10 to 5. Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.—NOW OPEN, from 10 until 6, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, THE GREAT PICTURE of this important Military Event, Painted by Mr. COOMANS, from studies made during four months spent in the Crimea during the present war. Admission, 1s.

ADAM AND EVE.—This great original Work, by JOSEPH VAN LERUYS, IS NOW ON VIEW at 57, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House, from 11 to 6 daily.—Admission, 1s.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—Additional Pictures.—English Mortar Battery, the Redan and Rifle Pits, General Pelissier's Night Attack, and Mr. Ferguson's New System of Fortification are now added to the Diorama, "The Events of the War." The Lecture by Mr. Stoquer. Daily at 3 and 8.—Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.

PANORAMA OF SEBASTOPOL IS NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON HOUSE, Leicester Square, including the Fortifications, Encampments, the Attack of the Allied Armies, and the combined Fleets, and all the beautiful surrounding country. THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA and the BERGESE ALLEY are also exhibited. Admission, 1s. each.

LONDON SEASON BY DAY.—On Saturday next, at 3 o'clock, Mr. LOVE will present, for the second time, his NEW ENTERTAINMENT, called "THE LONDON SEASON," by day.—LOVE'S ENTERTAINMENTS.—VENTRILOQUISM, EXTRAORDINARY.—Pianoforte, Miss Julia Warman, Regent Street.—Mr. Love will appear every Evening at 8, except Saturday; Saturday at 8.—Monday and Tuesday Evenings at 8, and on Saturday Morning at 3. Mr. Love, universally accepted as the first Dramatic Ventriloquist in Europe, will present his NEW ENTERTAINMENT, called THE LONDON SEASON. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the Entertainment, LOVE IN ALL SHAPES, to be followed by a ZOOLOGICAL CONCERT, and LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—Pianoforte, Miss Julia Warman.—Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY, TUESDAY, the 19th inst., at Eight o'clock, A GRAND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT will be given by MR. GEORGE BUCKLAND, assisted by the following eminent Artists, Messrs. T. Young, MORTIMER SMITH, HENRY BUCKLAND, and GEORGE LARK, consisting of SELECTIONS from the DANCES and SONGS of the late SIR HENRY BISHOP, and other COMPOSERS.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—June 7.—The Lord Wrottesley, President, in the chair.—The Annual Meeting for the election of Fellows was held this day. The following gentlemen, recommended by the Council to the Society for election, were elected. There were thirty-eight candidates:—A. Connell, Esq., W. Farr, Esq., W. L. F. Fischer, Esq., I. Fletcher, Esq., W. J. Hamilton, Esq., J. Hawkshaw, Esq., J. Hippisley, Esq., J. Luke, Esq., A. F. Osler, Esq., T. Thomson, M.D., C. B. Vignoles, Esq., C. V. Walker, Esq., R. Wight, M.D., A. W. Williamson, Esq., G. F. Wilson, Esq.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—June 11.—Sir George Back, R.N., V.P., in the chair.—On the table was exhibited a collection of articles brought home by Mr. Bollaert, who has recently returned from South America, including specimens of the strata, coal and fossils, from the coalfields of Loto, in Chili; also, of the first fossil bones discovered in Chili; and a fine collection of Ancient Peruvian Pottery and Antiquarian Remains of Textile Fabrics, Ornaments, Utensils, Weapons, &c.; likewise specimens of Meteoric Iron, found in various parts of the Desert of Atacama.—'Narrative of a Trip to Harar, in the Somali Country, North-Eastern Horn of Africa,' by Lieut. Burton.—'On the Coal Formation of the Province of Concepcion, in Chili, South America; and on the Meteoric Iron of Atacama,' by Mr. W. Bollaert.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 24.—The Earl Stanhope, President, in the chair.—The ballot was taken for a Member of the Council, to fill the place of Sir Robert Inglis, deceased, when Mr. Edward Hawkins, Keeper of the Antiquities

in the British Museum, was unanimously elected. The Rev. Edward Maskell and Mr. Henry Farrer were elected Fellows.—Mr. Corner communicated some particulars relating to Anthony Copley, whose name occurs in one of the Society's proclamations, dated the 2nd July, 1603.

June 7.—Admiral Smyth, V.P., in the chair.—The President's nomination of Mr. Edward Hawkins to the vacant Vice-President's chair was read to the meeting. Mr. A. Henry Rhind and Mr. Thomas Batchelder were elected Fellows.—Mr. Bollaert exhibited a very curious collection of Peruvian antiquities, collected by him during a residence in South America.—Mr. Thomas Lott exhibited a curious Pedigree of the Irish family of Conans in Kildare, attested by several of the Archbishops and Bishops.—Mr. Corner communicated some further particulars relating to Anthony Copley.—The first portion of a memoir 'On the British Gun Trade,' by Mr. Josiah Goodwin, was read.

ZOOLOGICAL.—June 12.—W. Yarrell, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Gould brought before the meeting two beautiful species of Humming-Birds, which he believed to be new to science. He stated, that they belonged to that section of the Trochilidae to which the generic appellation of *Heliothrix* has been given. Of this form only three species had been previously characterized, namely, *H. auritus*, *H. auriculatus*, and *H. Barrovi*. One of these new species, for which the specific name of *Purpureiceps* is proposed, is nearly allied to *H. Barrovi*, but differs from that bird in having a much shorter bill, in the blue of the head being of a paler purple, and in that blue not being confined to the crown, but extending some distance down the nape of the neck. This species was obtained from the districts near Popayan. The second species, for which the name of *Phanolema* was proposed, has several characters in common with *H. auritus* and *H. auriculatus*. It differs, however, from both those species in the beautiful metallic green colouring, extending over the throat and front as well as the sides of the throat. The *habitat* of this species is on the River Napo.—Through the kindness of Mr. Yarrell, Mr. Gould next brought before the meeting a bird, which he conceived to be a new species of *Prion*, and which had been captured on the Island of Madeira, or on the neighbouring rocky islets, called the Desertas. Mr. Gould also exhibited five other species (forming part of his own collection), which he considers to belong to the same beautiful group, and which had been captured by himself during his voyages to or from Australia. The entire series present a great similarity in the colour of their plumage; but a great diversity in the breadth, or lateral development of their mandibles, as well as in the fringe-like pectinations of the base of the upper mandible, this latter character being much more prominent in the larger than in the smaller species of the group, in which, indeed, it is almost obsolete, if not entirely absent. Mr. Gould considered the members of this genus to constitute a very distinct group among the petrels, quite equal, in point of interest and value, to that of the *Thalassidroma*. For this new species, indubitably distinct from all previously known, and the only one which ever has, as yet, occurred to the north of the line, Mr. Gould gave the name of *Prion brevirostris*.—Mr. Slater read a paper 'On some New Species of Ant-Thrushes (Formicariinae), from Santa Fé de Bogota, which he characterized under the following names:—*Grallaria hypoleuca*, *G. modesta*, *Chamaea mollissima*, *Formicivora callinota*, *Dysithamnus semicinctus*, *Pyriplena (?) tyrannina*.—The Secretary read three papers, by Dr. L. Pfeiffer, containing descriptions, in his usual elaborate and careful style, of seventy-nine new species of shells, chiefly *Helicea*, in the collection of Mr. Cumming.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 11.—Sir C. Fellows, V.P., in the chair.—'On Nature-Printing,' by Mr. H. Bradbury. Mr. Bradbury's lecture was very long and interesting—and of that special kind which is most difficult to condense. His history of experiments in the art was especially elaborate. He said:—"Nature herself, in her mysterious

operations, seems to have given the first hint upon the subject: witness the impressions of ferns so beautifully and accurately to be seen in the coal-formations. Experiments to print direct from nature were made as far back as about 250 years—it is certain that the present success of the art is mainly attributable to the general advance of science at the perfection to which it has been brought in particular instances. On account of the great expense attending the production of woodcuts of plants in early times, many naturalists suggested the possibility of making direct use of Nature herself as a copyist. In the 'Book of Art,' of Alexis Pedemontanus, (printed in the year 1572,) and translated into German by Wecker, may be found the first recorded hint as to taking impressions of plants. At a later period—in the 'Journal des Voyages,' by M. de Monceys, in 1650, it is mentioned that one Welkenstein, a Dane, gave instructions in making impressions of plants. The process adopted to produce impressions of plants at this period, consisted in laying out flat and drying the plants. By holding them over the smoke of a candle, or an oil lamp, they became blackened in an equal manner all over; and by being placed between two soft leaves of paper, and by being rubbed down with a smoothing-bone, the soot was imparted to the paper, and the impression of the veins and fibres was so transferred. Linnæus, in his 'Philosophia Botanica,' relates that in America, in 1707, one Hessel made impressions of plants; and between 1728 and 1757, Prof. Kniphof, at Erfurt, who refers to the experiments of Hessel, in conjunction with the bookseller Fünke, established a printing-office for the purpose. Seligmann, an engraver at Nuremberg in 1748, published in folio plates figures of several leaves he had reduced to skeletons. As he thought it impossible to make drawings sufficiently correct, he took impressions from the leaves in red ink, but no mention is made of the means he adopted. Of the greater part he gave two figures, one of the upper and another of the lower side. About from twenty-five to thirty years later, Hoppe edited his 'Ectypa Plantarum Ratisbonensium,' and also his 'Ectypa Plantarum Selectarum,' the illustrations in which were produced in a manner similar to that employed by Kniphof. These impressions were found also to be durable, but still were defective. The production of impressions could only take place very slowly, as the blacking of the plants with the printer's ball required much time. Rude as the process was, and imperfect the result, it was nevertheless found that the figures thus produced were far more characteristic than any which artists could produce. The fault of the method consisted in its limited application and its incompleteness; since the fragile nature of the prepared plant, if ever so carefully treated, would admit of but very few copies being taken, and where any great number would have been required, many plants must have been prepared, a circumstance which was in itself a great obstacle. In the year 1809 mention is made in Pritzell's 'Thesaurus' of a new method of taking natural impressions of plants; and lastly, in reference to the earlier history of the subject, the attention of scientific men was called to an article, in a work published by Grazer, in 1814, on a 'New Impression of Plants.' Twenty years afterwards, the subject had undergone remarkable change, not only in the mode of operation to be pursued, but also in the result produced,—which consisted in fixing an impression of the prepared plant in a plate of metal by pressure. It appears, on the authority of Prof. Thiele, that Peter Kyhl, a Danish goldsmith and engraver, established at Copenhagen, applied himself for a length of time to the ornamentation of articles in silver ware, and the means he adopted were, taking copies of flat objects of nature and art in plates of metal by means of two steel rollers. Various productions in silver of this process were exposed in the Exhibition of Industry held at Charlottenburgh, in May 1833. In a manuscript, written by this Danish goldsmith, entitled 'The Description (with forty-six plates) of the method to Copy Flat Objects of Nature and Art,' dated 1st of May, 1833, is suggested the idea of applying this invention to the advancement of science in general. The plates

accompanying this description represented printed copies of leaves, of linen and woven stuffs, of laces, of feathers, of birds, scales of fishes, and even of serpent-skins.—Passing over a great deal of intervening ground, we come to Mr. Bradbury's conclusion and summary:—"The first practical application of Nature-Printing for illustrating a botanical work, and which has been attended with considerable success, is Chevalier Von Heuffer's work on the Mosses collected from the Valley of Arpasch, in Transylvania; the second, (the first in this country), is the 'Ferns of Great Britain and Ireland,' in course of publication, under the editorship of Dr. Lindley, and printed by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans. Ferns, by their peculiar structure and general flatness, are especially adapted to develop the capabilities of the process, and there is no race of plants where minute accuracy in delineation is of more vital importance than the Ferns; in the distinction of which, the form of indentations, general outline, the exact manner in which repeated subdivision is effected, and most especially the distribution of veins scarcely visible to the naked eye, play the most important part. To express such facts with the necessary accuracy, the art of a Talbot or a Daguerre would have been insufficient until Nature-Printing was brought to its present state of perfection." Mr. Bradbury then adverted to the ingenious and beautiful productions of Felix Abate, of Naples. His Nature-representations consist of sections of wood, in which the grain is admirably represented. He terms his peculiar process Thermography, or the Art of Printing by Heat. The process consists in wetting slightly the surface of the wood of which fac-similes are to be made, with any diluted acid or alkali, and then taking an impression upon paper, or calico, or white wood: the impression is quite invisible, but by exposing it for a few instants to a strong heat, the impression appears in a more or less deep tone, according to the strength of the acid or alkali. In this way every gradation of brown from maple to walnut is produced; but for some woods which have a peculiar colour, the paper, &c. is to be coloured, either before or after the impression, according to the lightest shades of the wood. Abate, in his manipulations, also employs the ordinary dyeing process. It is to be hoped that Abate's process may become alike useful to the natural sciences and the decorative arts. Mr. Bradbury stated, in conclusion, that we are indebted to—Kniphof, for the application of the process in its rude state; Kyhl, for having first made use of steel rollers; Branson, for the suggestion of the electrolyte; Leydolt, for the remarkable results he obtained in the representation of flat objects of mineralogy, such as agates, fossils, and petrifications; Haidinger, for having promptly suggested the impression of a plant into a plate of metal at the very time the *modus operandi* had been provided; Abate, for its application to the representation of different sorts of ornamental woods on woven fabrics, paper and plain wood; Worring, of the Imperial Printing Office, Vienna, for his practical services in carrying out the plans of Leydolt and Haidinger. Nature-Printing may be considered as still in its infancy; but the results already obtained in its application encourage us to expect from continued efforts such further improvements as will place it not least among the Printing Arts.

June 4.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Messrs. J. S. Coleman, W. De Lannoy, G. H. Ingall, Col. W. K. Loyd, and Dr. R. B. Todd were elected Members.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Statistical, 8.—'On the Mortality from Naval Operations,' by Mr. Hodge.—'An Analysis of the Statistics of the Clearing-House during the Year 1839,' by Mr. Babbage.—'On the Nature and Extent of the Benefits conferred by Hospitals on the Working Classes and the Poor,' by Dr. Guy.
- WED. Horticultural.—Exhibition.
- THURS. Numismatic, 7.—Anniversary.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal, 8½.—'On the Discovery of an Aerolite in the Heart of a Tree which stood recently in Battersea Fields,' by Sir R. L. Murchison.
- FRI. Philological, 8.

FINE ARTS

A Plea for Painted Glass: being an Inquiry into its Nature, Character and Objects, and its Claims as an Art. By F. W. Oliphant. J. H. Parker.

THIS is a modest and judicious little book, professing rather to clear up than expound the subject of glass-painting, and giving the architectural and artistic professions a hint of what the art has been and may be.

While most other branches of architectural decoration have their codes of laws, no rules for the successful execution of stained glass windows have yet been laid down. When erected, they are, therefore, poor imitations or servile copies. Mr. Oliphant describes with much critical taste the gradual growth of the stained window from the simple red bud of early Art to the glowing fruit of the flamboyant age. The Gothic builders' first windows were mere pierced apertures for light, and the first use of coloured glass was to bind the window together and break the blank mass of light. At the end of the thirteenth century, more peace and more wealth turned the plain castellated loop into an ornamented window. Mullions and a rich labyrinth of geometrical ornament grew common. Spring had grown into summer. The even-coloured border of the first style narrows and twines round the edges of the tracery like tendrilled parasites. The backgrounds are diapered and the saints are canopied. The kings and martyrs, whose blood in the rich sunlight we seem to see flowing preternaturally in their veins, awake from their long sleep, lose their grimness,—the frost of mummy death thaws,—and they look down benign, as from the sunset clouds of heaven. The south wind blows and the colours of the orient bloom in the panes. Then come the dull science and the rule and level of the mechanical Perpendicular. Stone transoms, in the fifteenth century, divide the window into pannels. The colour is more delicate, but it is blanced, hectic, sickly and unwholesome. The paintings become too highly finished, and are painted without reference to their position. Allowing this, as at York and Great Malvern, Mr. Oliphant, with a poet's eye, finds in this period a summer twilight influence, a soft partly sweetness, that at evening and morning is harmonious and soothing. The religion of this period was also a religion of seasons, not of daily life.

In 1450, when the Perpendicular had run its best, in spite of Ulm, Munich, Cologne and Rouen, glass-painting lost its harmony of purpose and integrity of design. The Cinque-Cento brought with it huge colonnades, triumphal arches, cupids, and all the refurbished lumber of a galvanized paganism.

The present ruin of glass-painting is, that some artists merely imitate old, unapproachable examples, while others foolishly try to execute oil painting with a material limited in its nature, and requiring conventional treatment. Mr. Oliphant says, to remedy these evils, no customer should purchase windows on which the paintings are not well drawn and composed, harmonious in colour, with low, well-discriminated relief, that should not destroy the flatness of the surface. At present, it is a mere glazier's trade; it would with more discriminating purchases and with the numerous churches now building, soon grow into an art. For Classic and Palladian buildings, the writer thinks examples from the Romanesque might be used,—and yet, even with these, the colour and general artistic arrangement would require to be different.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Walter Goodall's Rustic Figures, from Drawings exhibited at the Old Water-Colour Society and Winter Exhibition, made on the Spot during his Visit to some of the more Remote and Primitive Villages of Old England. Gambart & Co.

THESE lithographs have all Mr. Goodall's usual grace and sense of beauty. They are full of the poetry of domestic life, and are idealized without becoming untruthful. The present number includes six drawings:—'The Pillow-Lace Maker'—

'The Cottage Door'—'The Spelling Lesson'—'The Hen Coop'—'The Spring Garland'—and 'The Water Lily.' Of these, we prefer 'The Spring Garland.' The subject is simple—it is merely a little girl (in Cornwall, we should think, to judge by the quaint stile) tying a necklace of birds' eggs round the neck of her younger sister, while a boy lies on the grass watching them with a look of pleasure and surprise. The drawing of these figures is careful, without becoming rigid and statue-like. The landscape is tinted with delightful care,—the air is all summer, and the grass all flowers. The tints of the lithograph are unusually soft and full of colour, and the old thunder- and -lightning character of this art appears transmuted into gentle light and shade. We might object, that every face is beautiful, every group refined, every face thoughtful and good-natured, every cottage clean, and no coat ragged; but as Mr. Goodall, by the necessity of fate, must be a gentle idealist, and will look at Nature through sunshine, not through rain, we even let him, as a wilful man, "gang his ain gate," on the principle of the old Scotch proverb, "He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar," or that of the Italian fatalist, "Che sara sara." If a man does carry perpetual April with him, he would not thank any one who convinced him that it was now actually November. It is doing good work to show our scented friends in satin and broadcloth what joy and peace may reign in the chambers of the wearers of fustian and kersey.

The Royal and Imperial Visit to the Crystal Palace. Negretti & Zambra.

THIS is an interesting illustration of the use the photographer may be to the future historian, when we shall have such tell-tale certainties as this to check our chroniclers. Can any modern annalist ever go wrong with newspapers and photographs lying by his side as he writes? Of course, as might be expected in a work of a moment, especially when the artist is so fond of detail as Herr Phœbus, there are not more than two faces sharp and perfect, and those are the Queen's and the Emperor's. Prince Albert and the Empress are the next in merit. The flowers in the foreground are miracles, and so are the pillars entwined with garlands. The rest is a wonderful cloud, which seems teeming with life, if the air would only grow clearer; but such superhuman failures as this are better than most human successes. Who, ten years back, could ever have looked forward to such a use of Art as we witness here?

SCULPTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

VERY few works in Sculpture have ever been objects of public exhibition in the United States, and those exhibited have been principally busts of distinguished living Americans, which occasionally found their way into the annual Exhibitions of paintings. In 1846, Crawford's statue of 'Orpheus' was shown in the Boston Athenæum; but, having unfortunately been much broken on shipboard, it was impossible to remove it to other cities for the purpose of exhibition. But such was the public apathy regarding sculpture at that time, even in the "Athenian City," that the proceeds of the exposition of this beautiful and highly classic production, by an American hand, did not exceed 500 dollars,—a sum scarcely sufficient to defray expenses.

At the commencement of the American Revolution there stood in Bowling Green, New York, a statue of George the Third; and, during the retreat of the Americans before the advancing British army, the indignant populace decapitated the statue and demolished the pedestal with every mark of resentment. From that day to a period little short of half a century, nothing in the nature of a statue was seen in the Union, if we except that of Washington (by Houdon) in the capital of Virginia. This glorious statue, so fully representing the majestic dignity of the original, may be as truly termed the *Father* of American sculpture as the subject of it is the "Father of his Country." It struck the first blow at that prejudice in the American mind which blinded it to the usefulness

and noble mission of an art which gives to virtue a pedestal, and to patriotism a permanent form and place before the eyes of the millions whom they have blessed with freedom and happiness. I say, it struck the first blow at prejudice; but it did not conquer:—this is the work of time. The name, however, of Washington was a host in itself, for what American heart could deny to his services so simple and appropriate a testimony of a nation's love and gratitude? North Carolina soon followed Virginia in the grateful path, by ordering a full-length statue of him from Canova; then Chantrey was commissioned by Massachusetts to execute another; and thus was Sculpture breathed into life, or, in the safer phrase, *nationalized*, in the American Republic. But how long it languished, nearly giving up the ghost! Still, the acknowledgment was made, that statues were not necessarily idols, nor their admirers idolaters; and then followed as a consequence, among all gifted minds, an appreciation and encouragement of the art.

The spacious halls of the Capitol at Washington were almost destitute of sculpture till within a very few years. In the Hall of Representatives were a colossal plaster figure of Liberty, and a fine marble one of History adorning the clock;—in the Rotunda, a series of pannels, containing miserable *bassi-relievi* scenes from American history;—in the tympanum, over the east front of the Capitol, a very low relief allegoric group. All these were by Italian hands.

The few intelligent lovers of Art among the representatives in Congress, whom foreign travel had educated to its uses and beauties, struggled steadily and long for its advancement, and at last succeeded in carrying through resolutions to fill the two niches under the portico with statues of Peace and War. These were given to Persico, an Italian, to execute. Next came an order for a colossal 'Washington'; and this was given to Greenough, a young American, struggling manfully against adversity in Florence,—the Pioneer of American sculptors. In a few years Persico returned from Italy with the statues of Peace and War; and these were so much admired that other resolutions were soon passed for two important groups, 'Columbus discovering the New World,' and the 'Pioneer's Struggle,'—the first being given to Persico, and the second to Greenough,—20,000 dollars being appropriated for each.

Whilst these commissions were being completed in Italy, the 'Washington' was sent home by Greenough, and placed on its granite pedestal in the beautiful grounds in front of the Capitol. In 1845, Persico's Columbus arrived.

This was about the state of Sculpture in the United States down to as late as the year 1847. From its rarity, and the great sums paid for it, it was naturally looked upon as a higher branch of Art, requiring greater abilities and attended with more difficulty and expense than Painting; for painting had become familiarized to the people through the works of many artists from the time of West and Trumbull to that of Wier: it had its chartered academies and unions and pictures of all degrees of merit,—"Old Masters" and new were scattered or exhibited throughout the country,—hence there was no mystery attached to Painting, for all could have access to a studio and witness its secrets. Not so with Sculpture;—for the general supposition was, that to make even a bust it was necessary to cast the sitter's face in plaster to obtain a likeness even in that material,—how much more difficult, then, must it be to make a bust in marble, which could not be thus moulded! And then to cut the whole figure in this hard and brittle substance, where a single false blow would destroy the whole work, and actually to imitate the softness and flexibility of flesh, was considered something almost marvellous,—requiring a ready genius and a dextrous hand, and allowing neither experiment, correction, nor change. As these opinions are still extensively entertained in America, I may be excused for making a few remarks upon them.

As far as mere execution is concerned, the sculptor's art is of all others the easiest of attainment. Viewed in this light, it falls among the lowest handicrafts. Even machinery is now suc-

cessfully employed in cutting marble to almost any required form; and it is no more ingenious than that which turns out lasts of every shape from a simple block of wood. Indeed, so little artistic skill is necessary in the mere execution of statuary, that the sculptor need not touch it. His art is higher and nobler, dealing with things of feeling, imagination and philosophy, and bringing them into visible forms in the most manageable substance he can find, such as clay, or wax, or any other which shall readiest receive the impress of his thought,—and here his work is done. His *fortune* is left for other hands to gain for him by mechanical means alone,—by transferring to any required dimensions the perishable model to enduring bronze or marble. Thus, a figure of fifty feet in height costs little more of the sculptor's time or talent than one of three feet. Copy after copy may be made to any number, without even the supervision of the artist's eye; so that if he chooses to multiply his works, he has only to increase the number of workmen and the quantity of marble to fulfil any number of commissions in a given time. The town of Carrara, in the midst of the marble quarries of Italy, is one great factory of this kind, repeating *ad infinitum* the works of ancient and modern masters at very low rates, to be sent to all parts of Christendom; so that if a Venus de' Medici, an Apollo, or a Laocoon is sought of equal merit to the original, money can find either of them in a very short time.

It is considered by sculptors themselves that cutting marble is not an essential part of their profession, and none but those whose means do not allow them to employ workmen, ever take the chisel in hand. In the clay model is shown the artist's merit; the clay and modelling tools are the only necessary implements in the hands of genius to pave the way to fortune and to fame. That the essentials of the sculptor's art lie in the clay model is not only according to reason, but to all history of the plastic art,—for they do not depend upon the material, but upon the form it is made to assume. In fact, it was from the potter's art that sculpture sprang,—first, by baking the clay after it was modelled into the required form, as may be known from the household gods of the Egyptians; after these came carving figures in wood and ivory, and lastly, metals and stone.

The Etruscans and Greeks were particularly celebrated for their works in clay, the former being employed in decorating the Roman Capitol, and the latter in adorning the most magnificent temples in Greece. Pausanias mentions a temple at Tritea, called that of the greatest gods, "the statues of which were of clay;" and the Athenians are known to have held annual exhibitions of their best works in the same substance. European collections contain many specimens of the ancient *terra-cottas*, or baked earth figures; in that at Naples are some as large as life. No traveller in Italy can fail to be struck by the beauty of those of the famous Lucca della Robbia, and to join in the esteem in which they have so long been held; were they of marble their value as works of Art would not be increased. Among the noblest productions of the fifteenth century are the clay statues of Begarelli of Reggio, of whom Michael Angelo remarked: "If the clay could become marble, *voce* to the antique statues,"—and it is only necessary to see them to believe the assertion.

Simple and well known as these facts are to persons at all conversant with Art, they seem to have escaped the attention of Americans, if we take as a criterion the great disparity in the sums they appropriate for statuary and for paintings. For instance, Congress pays 10,000 dollars for an historical picture, 18 feet long, by 12 high,—whilst 25,000 are given for a single statue, or for a group of two figures, and as much as 50,000 for an equestrian statue in bronze! Now, any one acquainted with artistic labour knows that to execute an historical picture of the above large dimensions requires not only as much talent and experience, but infinitely more time, than either of the sculptures named,—for all must be done by the painter's own hand, no mere labourer can be employed. That these appropriations prove a willingness in statesmen to give liberally for the

advancement of the Fine Arts is most certain; still it is to be regretted that their errors of judgment tend not only to induce young men to enter a profession through hopes of great and sudden reward, in which their native talents are inadequate to success, but to create unjust and invidious distinctions as to the merits of the productions of different branches of these liberal arts.

In 1847 'The Greek Slave' was placed on exhibition in New York. A painter-friend of the sculptor went over from Italy and undertook the enterprise entirely at his own risk and expense; and notwithstanding the strong repugnance that existed in many minds to the public exhibition of a *naked* statue, it was so judiciously conducted as in some measure to disarm serious opposition. Without reading the papers of the day, it is hardly possible to conceive the peculiar grounds of this repugnance, which at first threatened the failure of the purpose of the exhibition; but generous friends of Art came to the rescue, and, backed by a liberal and powerful press, carried the field triumphantly. Enthusiastic and reiterated appeals were made on behalf of the sculptor, cramped for the means of pursuing his studies in a foreign land, and his right to a generous reception of his first statue among his countrymen. The national pride and sympathy were thus aroused to such a pitch as to postpone to some future day the duty of impartial criticism upon the merits of the work itself. Under such favourable auspices the statue was taken through the States, everywhere received by the masses as a work of almost miraculous power, and giving to thousands for the first time the opportunity and pleasure of looking upon a statue in marble. The result to the artist was celebrity and money, and numerous valuable commissions from States and individuals,—placing him at once in an easy, if not independent position.

It is in the highest degree creditable to the hearts of Americans that they responded so handsomely to these appeals for native struggling talent; it is not strange, however; for if one country more than another is blessed with a commendable patriotic pride in the genius of her sons, that country is America,—and where this is fully awakened she adopts no half measures to gratify it. As a remarkable instance of this, and of the success which sometimes, though very rarely, attends an artist's *début*, we may state that, since 1846, Mr. Powers has sent from his workshop no less than five 'Greek Slaves,' three 'Fisher-Boys,' one 'Eve,' one 'Calhoun,' one 'Washington,' all full-sized statues; forty busts of 'Proserpine,' several of 'Diana,' 'Psyche,' 'Washington,' 'Fisher-Boy,' and 'Slave,' and a large number of portrait busts,—still having on hand, in various stages of progress, a great many works of a similar kind. It may be truly divined that posterity will not have to go a-begging for a sight of his works. Many artists, for a much less recompense, would cheerfully embrace an exile to such a country as Italy; few, however, there will be who will find the two together.

The increasing patronage of sculpture in the United States is not now limited to this one of its professors; others are beginning to receive that to which they have shown themselves entitled. Crawford, at Rome, is executing for the State of Virginia a magnificent monument to Washington and other citizens of revolutionary renown. Washington is represented upon a spirited steed;—beneath and surrounding the pedestal stand his civil and military associates in that day of trial. The figures are all to be of bronze. When completed, it will be one of the most striking monuments of modern times in general effect and artistic power. The sculptor has received during the past year a highly complimentary and lucrative commission from his Government to fill one of the pediments of the enlargement of the Capitol. It will give scope to his abilities in the highest departments of his art,—invention, composition, action, and expression, and the lucid rendering of his story. His long and severe studies in Rome and his past productions are the surest guarantees of success. By this great work his name may be favourably known as long as the Capitol stands.

Clark Mills has given such satisfaction in an equestrian statue of Jackson, recently erected in front of the White House, that he has been ordered by Congress to make a similar work of Washington for 50,000 dollars.

Other young men are making their way to public favour. Among the most distinguished is Mr. Rogers, of Rome; whose figure of 'Nidia' has excited universal admiration, and the most sanguine hopes of an honourable career for the artist.

Thus, everything looks propitious for the rapid growth of Sculpture in the Republic. Money there is, and to spare:—if it be judiciously expended, America may at no distant time place herself in the front rank of nations in respect to the refinements of educated life, as she has already in political and religious liberty, in commercial enterprise and mechanical ingenuity, and in the abundance and security of social comforts. Her people have arrived at that degree of outward prosperity when they yearn for subjects of internal interest such as the Arts possess, and when it is important that a study of the True and Beautiful in matters of taste should guide them to a pure delight in the objects of their new desires.

F. G.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—An old and very disreputable trick in the Art-trade has recently been revived,—and is now, we understand, working much mischief. A Correspondent—one of the most eminent printsellers in the country—writes to denounce this trick and to put purchasers of prints on their guard. He says:—"Certain parties in London have bought plates from the publishers after these plates have been comparatively worn out by printing; the lettering has been taken out, and the plates have been reprinted on India paper without letters, and are offered by auction in every large town in the kingdom as genuine proofs. The advertisement is generally headed 'Messrs. Greaves & Co. of London,' obviously intended to be mistaken by the unwary for Graves & Co. The fault against which I protest commences with the publishers, who, not content with getting large subscriptions from the printsellers and stocking their folios, sell their plates to men who reprint mock proofs to an unlimited extent. Some years ago, the *Athenæum* first took up the subject of electrotyping, which was attempted by a publishing-house on one of Landseer's plates, the 'Horses Drinking.' That announcement of the *Athenæum* roused the whole of the printsellers, who met in London, and formed an association, pledging themselves not to subscribe to any plate of which the number of proofs intended to be taken was not limited and previously stated to the Printsellers' Secretary, who should stamp each with a number. The simple proposition, a mere matter of truth required by the printsellers, was derided by the publishers, who were ultimately obliged to consent; and the advantage to the publishers themselves since has been considerable, by giving confidence to private buyers that only a certain number of proofs is printed. But this system of respectable publishers, after having realized a handsome sum on a plate, of selling it with the full knowledge that the parties to whom it is sold will injure the publishers, and also the printsellers, and their private customers, by selling mock proofs (which are not worth the paper they are printed on) in every town in the kingdom, appears suicidal in the extreme."—The subject of these pretended proofs, we may usefully add, has been taken up by the Manchester "Guardian Society for the Protection of Trade;" and a circular has been sent to the members of that Society advertising them of the imposition. But the interests at stake are not local or individual: they concern all purchasers of prints, and all painters of pictures, and all engravers of the same,—for it is very clear that a worn-out plate will misrepresent to the eye the merit of artist and translator; and therefore we feel bound to give our readers timely warning of the fraud.

Lord Harrowby, as chairman of the annual meeting of the Artists' Benevolent Fund—which took place on Saturday last at Freemasons' Tavern—stated that, during the past year, the fund had

paid annuities of 15*l.* each to 52 widows, and granted assistance to 29 orphans of artists to the extent of 137*l.* 10*s.* A list of subscriptions was read—including a hundred guineas from the Queen—which amounted in the whole to 350*l.*

Our Correspondent, "T. V.," writes in explanation:—

I repudiate the honour "W. X." has conferred upon me of being the spokesman of the Royal Academy, or of holding, or having ever held, any of the offices of clerk, porter, or housemaid, in that institution. Perfectly independent of that body, I expressed my own sentiments, and I am quite sure that the duty of replying to what the Academy may consider a sufficient ground for publicity would never be delegated to an anonymous correspondent. "W. X." admits the validity of the reason assigned for the typographical errors, and points to the curtailment of quotations as the real grievance. There are doubtless sufficient reasons for not indulging artists to the top of their poetical bent, and there must of necessity be a limit to description, whether of prose or poetry. This limitation is, however, I believe, the act of the Council, and is not left, as stated by "W. X.," to the "capricious taste" or will of an individual.

—On the same subject we have the following:—

Your Correspondent, "T. V.," who advocates the inaccuracies of the Royal Academy Catalogue, has not, I think, given any sufficient reply to the charge—to which "R. M." drew public attention some weeks ago—of cutting and slashing quotations appended by artists in explanation of their pictures. Let it should be thought the instances of injudicious pruning are but isolated, I beg to submit my complaints against very similar treatment. A picture of mine is suspended on the walls of the Academy,—a Scriptural subject, with which I forwarded, as necessary for explanation of the subject treated, three short verses, which could not have occupied much more than half of the number of lines to which by the Academy Rules quotations and descriptions are limited. The compiler has quietly and remorselessly docked off the first and last of the verses sent, and the result leaves an absolutely wrong impression of the design,—for instance, describes repose where action is manifest in the picture. As I can scarcely conceive that the first and last verses were so much worse written than the one remaining as to be utterly illegible, even supposing that the compiler had never by any chance met with the generally well-known lines before, I can find no adequate reason in any of the seven extenuating pleas of "T. V.": why the two should be taken and the other left, or why I should be complimented by critical friends upon Hibernicisms I never contemplated. It is possible, however, that the Hanging Committee have considered they had sufficiently screened, if not redeemed, the delinquency of their officer when they shrouded at once his fault and my picture by placing it in its present terrible proximity to the skies.

I am, &c.

C. ROY.

2, Gower Street, Bedford Square, June 4.

Signor Monti delivered his third Lecture on Art on Wednesday evening. Having already dismissed Hellenic Archaic Art, he proceeded to criticize and expound the works of the flourishing period of civilization and the age of Phidias. Art had now escaped with joy and exultation from the chains of religious symbolism, and began to embody the ideas of national poetry and national faith; and Greek sculpture took Nature itself for its type, and from it created the Ideal, the highest form of sublimity attainable by genius. The lecturer traced the development and progress of the new tendency towards the ideal, from the merely imitative and conventional, from the earliest period down to the Periclean and Macedonian age,—pointing out the modifications undergone by Greek society by the character of the different schools that followed each other, and by their choice of subject and their various modes of treatment. Retracing his narrative, the lecturer showed examples of works of all the various periods, describing and reviewing them as he proceeded. His most valuable remarks were on the Parthenon frieze, the Venus of Milo, the Achilles of the Louvre,—casts of several of these being shown in the room. In the next lecture, Signor Monti, whose taste and experience qualify him so well for the task, will describe the *modus operandi* of the Greek sculptor; and chromatic and other aids to the chisel will be discussed.

In our last notice of the Royal Academy, our few remarks relating to Mr. Cope's picture referred to his *Penserosa* (201), and not to his *Consolation* (69), the name of which was incorrectly attached to it.

Let any of our readers who are incredulous about the progress of English Art during the last ten years visit the collection of drawings and sketches by the Messrs. Chalon, now exhibiting in the rooms of the Society of Arts, in John Street, Adelphi. It will, if it does not gratify his ideal cravings, at least carry him, if he is a mediaevalist—that is to say, a middle-aged man—pleasantly back to the days of George the Fourth, poke-

bonnets, short waists, pantaloons, and watch-seals. He will find a poor portrait of the Princess Charlotte, who is glorified in red curtains and tassels, below a full-length of Our Saviour, which is much less regally honoured. The sketches are of all degrees of demerit, from the "Pussy Cat, drawn by Mr. J. J. Chalon, at the surprising age of fourteen." We have lamp-light landscapes and liquorish landscapes, exactly like the Old Masters,—at least, so far as varnish and dirt can make them. The figures are feeble,—the landscapes without air, nature, or light,—but, with this exception, cleverly put together, and with all proper degrees of warm and cold, and light and shade. We cannot help saying, in justice to struggling men, that we cannot imagine how the late Mr. Chalon could ever have been made R.A., except the title was conferred as a punishment, or that there was really no one else more deserving. The greatest proof of artistic weakness that can be found is the absence of any peculiar class of thought in an artist's works. Now this is peculiarly the case with the present collection. We have semi-Claude embarkations, sketches in Paris, scenes from 'Macbeth' and 'Gil Blas,' views of Hampstead, and the Nativity. Of these, the 'Hay-Cart' (No. 42), and 'Macbeth and the Witches' (32) are the most ambitious, and not the least successful. The greater part of the rest are such things as we meet with in inn parlours. Of the works of Mr. A. E. Chalon, the portraits are the most interesting,—particularly those of the late 'Countess of Blessington' (98), 'Madame Vestris' (100), and 'Mrs. Fitzgerald' (101). This Exhibition can do no good to Art.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—DIRECTOR'S MATINEE, TUESDAY NEXT, June 19. Three o'clock, doors open at half-past Two.—**WILLIS'S ROOMS.**—Quartet in D, G. Haydn; Quintet, E flat Minor, Piano, &c. Hummel. Vocal Music, Solo, Violoncello, Flauto, Kreutzer; Sonata, Violin and Piano, Beethoven. Vocal Music, Solo, Contra Bass, Bottesini, &c. &c. Artists: Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Piatto, and Bottesini; Pianist, Halle, &c. &c. Tickets to be had at Cramer & Co., Chappell, and Olivier, Bond Street. Extra Seats will be provided for visitors, and all free admissions for Artists suspended.

J. ELLA, Director.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—The EIGHTH (and last) CONCERT this season, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HUIJIAH, will be given on WEDNESDAY, June 20, when will be performed a Grand Selection of Vocal Music, chiefly without accompaniment. Vocalists: Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Thomas. Tickets (1s. and 2s. 6d., Stalls, 5s.) may be had of the Musicians, and at St. Martin's Hall. To commence at Eight o'clock.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI'S MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, on FRIDAY, June 22, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Mlle. Emilie Kral, (Hof opera singerin aus Wien), Madame F. Lablache, and Signor Marini. Instrumentalists: Harp, Mr. Boleyn Reeves; Concertina, Messrs. R. Blagrove, W. Evans, G. Lake, and Signor Giulio Regondi; Guitar, Signor Giulio Regondi; Piano, Accompanist, Signor R. Calvi. Reserved Seats (Half-a-Guinea), to be had only of Signor Regondi, 24, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, Unreserved Seats (7s.) to be had at the principal Musicians.

Mr. SIMS REEVES begs respectfully to announce, that his BENEFIT and last appearance at the Theatre Royal Haymarket will take place on SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, June 23, on which occasion will be presented Henry Smart's highly successful Opera of 'BERTA'; to be followed by a favourite Farce, in which Mr. Bucktons will appear; to conclude with the last act of 'LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR'. Tickets and Private Boxes to be had of Mr. Sims Reeves, 123, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, or at the Theatre.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Duet in E Flat Major for the Pianoforte, by E. Silas (No. 5, Op. 23), (Cramer & Co.), is a single movement. The style and distribution of parts here are hardly those of music originally written for two players on one instrument; and suggest the idea that we may be dealing with orchestral music arranged. There is a certain dignity in the subjects, and the duet is conducted with regularity and skill. M. Silas, however, has to rid himself of some heaviness of manner ere the above good qualities will be recognized as largely as they deserve.

Sleepless Nights: Characteristic Pieces for the Pianoforte. By Stephen Heller. Op. 82. (Scheurmann.)—Since Mendelssohn and Chopin have ceased to write there has been no "short music" for the pianoforte so clever, so characteristic, and so agreeable as M. Heller's. But his resolution to write nothing accessible that is not short (his more ambitious pianoforte works being outrageous in their difficulty), seems to be telling on M. Heller's invention. A sameness is coming over

his works, which can only be escaped from by a resolution to express his thoughts in some new form, which shall demand variety in construction as well as grace in first idea. There are, however, many charming fancies among these 'Sleepless Nights'; and if M. Heller will only keep awake long enough to yield us bits and fragments, in default of wares more substantial, we must accept them thankfully,—our present plight of dearth considered. How good they are may be seen by comparing them with three slight pianoforte pieces, entitled *Album Leaves*, by Herr Gade. This composer, for whom so much was promised, seems to be set fast betwixt what is solid and what is fantastic;—and thus disappoints us. The choice of his subjects is monotonous in its fantasy. We observe that one of his later works, which has just been given with success at Leipsic, is an orchestral and choral setting, with solos, of a Danish ballad called 'The Erl-King's Daughter.' The essays before us are trifling, rather than engaging. Few things are less precious than gossamer which will not float.—*Ariel, Allegro Scherzando—Homewards, an Allegro Marziale*, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper (Chappell), may possibly have been "called names" by their publisher, not their composer. Yet sense, skill, and self-respect may be recognized in all that Mr. Sloper writes. Among our English composers he occupies a place analogous to that held by M. Moscheles among the Webers and Mendelssohns of his time. By exercising his talent, too, he is easing it of stiffness and pedantry. But an "Ariel" in B flat minor is not Shakspeare's "delicate Ariel." Besides the pair of characteristic movements just mentioned, Mr. Sloper has published an arrangement of the ballad "Early one morning" (Campbell, Ransford & Co.)—*La Notte Serena, Romance Variée—Il Mulino, Caprice* (on a theme by Signor Gordigiani)—*Clelia, Romance sans Paroles—Una Fantasia, Morceau Brillant*, by C. Salaman (Schott & Co.)—are four new bagatelles of various difficulty, by a writer whom the *Athenæum* has more than once commended. But "why bagatelles only?" is a question which must be put to Mr. Salaman as well as to Mr. Heller.—*The Vesper Hymn (transcribed)*,—*Fading away: Ballad (transcribed)*,—*The Old Hundred Psalm (transcribed)*,—*Il Sostenuito, Etude de Salon* (Cocks & Co.), are four new pieces by Mr. W. V. Wallace.—The first three of these are worthless; and in the 'Etude de Salon' a *sostenuto* execution is all but impossible; since the theme is a group of chords amplified in the extremity of that style of amplification which "came up" when *sostenuto* execution on the pianoforte "went out." We cannot fancy such productions either good for the shops, or (as advertisements phrase it) of "use in schools."—To this paragraph we may add the Arcadian titles of *Euphrosyne and Victoria, Two Movements for the Pianoforte*, by T. M. Mudie (Mills),—and name a *Mélodie pour le Piano*, by William George Cusins (Leader & Cock). The last-named writer cannot assume the French manner (in its way so piquant), though he does assume an English title.

Almost our last dealing with instrumental music on the present occasion will be a word or two concerning Mr. W. J. Best's *Modern School for the Organ*, (Cocks & Co.) a work which (considered as an instruction book) no English musician could have written fifty—nay, five-and-twenty years ago, and which cannot be gone through without profit to the pupil.—But it must not be implied from this, that Mr. Best, however capital as a player and thorough-going as a teacher, ranks among the great composers for his instrument. His subjects want pith, interest, and decided feature; and he is unwise fond of tampering with over-curious modulations, and what may be called illicit keys.—We have also, somewhere about the ten-thousandth book of *Pianoforte Instructions, Exercises, and Lessons*, (Cramer, Beale & Co.) this time put together by Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Probably, there are not ten books in the ten thousand calculated to keep the faith of their title-pages, and to do what they undertake to do more completely than this one.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The past has been the most distracting concert week which we recollect in London, since though entertainments may have been in former years as numerous as this year, we do not remember a similar contest or concurrence of noticeable meetings on the same days.

On Monday morning the *Glee and Madrigal Union* gave their third concert. We are glad to see that Mr. Hutton's compositions continue to form part of the repertory.

Monday evening's *Philharmonic Concert* displayed such a rarity as a royal visit to a room by no means crowded. "The world" does well to stay away from execution so coarse and caricatured as Herr Wagner's treatment of Mozart's and Beethoven's symphonies, and from music so utterly antipathetic as the 'Tannhäuser' overture, which was repeated (it was said in the room) by desire of the composer,—and appeared to please the subscribers even less than on its first performance. The concert was opened by Mr. Macfarren's Overture to 'Chevy Chase.'—Madame Clara Novello and Signor Belletti were the singers,—and did their best, in spite of the orchestra. Herr Wagner's engagement is near its close; and modern German romanticism has been indulged with such a trial as is unprecedented in the annals of the Philharmonic Society. But who—or what—is to entice back the audience that has been frightened away by the indulgence?—It is understood that at the next annual meeting a reconsideration of the laws of the *Philharmonic Society* is to be urged by some of the members, naturally enough discouraged at the present aspect of affairs. We may have something to say concerning the statutes as they stand next week.

The fifth meeting of Mr. Ella's *Musical Union* was memorable, as including the finest performance (by MM. Halle, Ernst, and Piatto) of Beethoven's finest Pianoforte Trio—the one in B major—we have ever heard. In his *Analysis* of the *Andante* Mr. Ella might have helped the amateurs, for whose benefit he circulates his concert-tracts, by reminding them that it is simply a slow and extensive *tema* with variations and a *coda*,—the earliest specimen, perhaps, of that kind of movement. Subsequently, Beethoven carried out the idea to a morbid excess; selecting themes without a view to their simplicity,—in his changes alternating that which is essential with that which is episodic, and in the pattern of his embroideries introducing intricacies for intricacy's sake. But in the *Andante* alluded to there is nothing deep or difficult, save its length.

Wednesday's *New Philharmonic Concert* was satisfactory, inasmuch as the appearance of M. Berlioz at the head of the band ensured as good a performance of the music selected as was possible under the circumstances, which included the absence of several important orchestral players. It was not fair to the French conductor (by way, we suppose, of economizing chorus, *solis*, and rehearsals) to give only a part of the selections from his 'Romeo and Juliet' which had been given in former years, and none of the movements as yet unheard in England, which are some of the principal portions of the Symphony.—Mr. H. Leslie's Overture, 'The Templar,' was played, and M. and Madame Gassier were the singers. The performances were for the benefit of the German Hospital, but the amount of empty benches was considerable. Our impression of the want of life, stability, and purpose in these concerts was confirmed on this occasion. They have, at present, but a feeble existence among the entertainments of London.—On Wednesday evening the *Harmonic Union* was holding a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, with Beethoven's music from 'The Ruins of Athens' as one of the principal attractions of the evening.

Let us now speak of some benefit concerts. That given by Miss Messent and Mr. Brinley Richards afforded many features of attraction, besides the singing of the lady and the playing of the gentleman. It gave a large audience an opportunity of again hearing Signor Bottesini,—that wonder of wonders, whose *contra-basso* is a greater marvel than Paganini's violin. Madame Novello sang one of Haydn's canzonets, 'Recollection,' very finely. Miss Dolby was encored in a setting,

by Mr. Brinley Richards, of Herrick's 'Litanie,'—the best music to those fine words which we recollect.—On Monday morning *Madame Bassano and Herr Kuhe* "followed the suit" led by the concert-giving songstress and pianist just mentioned, and received their friends in company. We can specify but a few of the pieces contained in the liberal programme:—a smoothly written duett by Campana, honestly sung by Madame Bassano and her sister, and a *romance* from 'Don Sebastian,' given by Herr Reichardt, with less exaggeration and greater delicacy than any song by him in our recollection, and thus in proportion charming. Herr Kuhe's showy concert-piece was a *fantasia* on airs from 'L'Étoile,' which contained one or two of the most taking themes, brilliantly set rather than solidly cemented. Herr Formes sang Peter's *romance*, from M. Meyerbeer's Russian opera, with French words (it was said,—no words being audible). We trust that his execution is not a specimen of the manner in which he intends to carry through the most difficult and delicate part ever written for *basso*. Mdlle. Krall was too obstreperous in a pleasing chamber-song by Mozart to be passed over. Could violence enchant, instead of alarming, the ear, this young Lady would be the sorceress of song: as it was, every amateur present might gather from her crude and misdirected energy a lesson how music should not be executed.—A third duett-concert was given by Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday; and a better miscellaneous concert it would be hard to imagine. Miss Dolby was singing capably: besides graver and more florid music she introduced a new ballad, 'Wild Bells,' by Mr. Duggan, one of those real national melodies,—neither semi-French, nor pseudo-German, nor Italian-and-water,—which a ballad to English words should be. In another style, a Rover's Song, written for Mr. Sims Reeves by Mr. Sloper, is excellent, with a graceful tuneable melody,—and well deserved its *encore*. It is a comfort to perceive that our rising men as yet show no signs of joining what the wit called the "broken crockery school" of music. Mr. L. Sloper, as one of his *solos*, gave Chopin's grand variations on 'La ci darem.' There are many good points in these, but not interest or brilliancy enough to compensate for the tremendous labour imposed on the player, this *solo* being about the most ungracious one in our knowledge,—not merely from the nature of the passage-music, but from the manner in which Chopin mixed his principal instrument with its orchestral support. Mdlle. Jenny Ney was singing very finely at this concert. We do not recollect a German *prima donna* who, as voice and singer, has made so favourable an impression in England, and one so likely to last, as this Lady.

Such have been some of the entertainments of the week:—besides those reported, however, we may mention Concerts by the *Misess M'Alpine*, Mr. *Blumenthal*, Herr *Wilhelm Ganz*, and Mr. *Aguilar*, as having taken place. Yesterday, another piano-forte *Matinée* by M. Halle, and Mr. Benedict's Concert at the *Royal Italian Opera* were given. Of these two last we may speak on Saturday next.

HAYMARKET.—A play by Mr. John Saunders, late Editor of *The People's Journal*, has been for some months in print, and privately circulated; on Monday it was produced on the stage. The title, 'Love's Martyrdom,' is suggestive of a high aim and a psychological purpose on the part of the author;—the substance of the play presents us with a poem founded on shadowy motives, in which less than the usual dramatic tact is exhibited. We may say, at once, that Mr. Saunders is not only a novice in dramatic art, but at present altogether ignorant of the playwright's craft. But not the less is he entitled to consideration as a dramatic poet, and the degree of success which he has achieved may be fairly set down to a perception of the poetic beauties by which his first stage production is distinguished. Poetic as it is, however, the play is not wholly original, either as to style or conception. A hunchback, with his moral character modified by the influence of his physical deformity, has been a common stage property from the ear-

liest period; and the incident of a painter ready to rip up his picture that has become offensive to a particular state of feeling, may be found in striking sort in Schiller's *Fiesco*, and less powerfully indicated in inferior dramas. In other respects, too, Mr. Saunders shows that he lacks inventive power; but he somewhat compensates its want by passionate energy and poetic sentiment. The tide of passion sets in early. The eccentricities of the hunchback are the theme of the initial scene, and are justified to the letter on his first appearance. Franklyn, a gentleman of Lincoln, born with the specific deformity, is affianced to a lady named Margaret, who has conceived a great respect for his intellectual qualities, but is yet uncertain whether she has any real love for his person. It is doubtful to both whether she has not rather a liking for his handsome brother Clarence, to whom, years ago, he was willing to resign her, and had a picture, called 'Love's Martyrdom,' painted in order to commemorate the intended sacrifice. That purpose was not fulfilled; Clarence has been absent,—has engaged in fact in another *amour*,—but returns just at the time when Franklyn and Margaret are about to be married. Old recollections are now naturally revived, and circumstances occur which excite the suspicion of the irascible hunchback, always suffering from a want of confidence in himself. A trial of hearts now takes place, inexpressibly painful to all parties, but needful for the purification of their several natures and the security of their future happiness. Margaret must be entirely weaned from Clarence, and Franklyn must be taught thoroughly to trust Margaret. For this reason there must be an almost fratricidal quarrel; there must be generous self-sacrifice; there must be great suffering, under which both Margaret and Franklyn must be brought, that by the martyrdom of despair they may win the immortality of love. This idea the poet has very finely conceived, and in some measure beautifully expressed. Margaret, in a late stage of the process, finds herself abandoned to Clarence, and Franklyn is driven forth, like an alien from civilization, to commune with nature. The trial of Margaret is exhibited on the stage; that of Franklyn is only found in the book; it was deemed hopeless to find an exponent of such a mental state in any histrionic representative. So far therefore the triumph of the situation remained with Miss Faucit, who sustained the difficult part of the heroine, and was rewarded for the pains she took in the development of its peculiarities by a triumph in the fourth act. As the culminating point of the poem, and an example of its style, we may here give the salient portion of the scene.—

Margaret. My fate is fixed.

You understand me? Save him all you can.

Lanchem. Is there no hope?

Mar. None! none!

Lane. Then Heaven protect you!

(Aside) Unhappy maiden!

O'er her bright field of life, so full of flowers,

How fast she sees the sudden shadow run,

Beneath whose pall henceforth her heart will lie. (Exit.)

Hester. How feel you now?

(Margaret starts, and paces the stage hurriedly, without speaking.)

Nay, speak! dear cousin, speak!

Mar. Hester, look to me! Desperate—wicked—thoughts

Are crowding forth into my darkened brain,

Urging each other, like some midnight mob,

Onward, to that which none dare even name.

Were I a man, now, I would call for wine,

And drink!—ha! ha!—like a Bacchante drink!

Nay, frown not! see, I have my wine; these tears,—

These hot, salt tears,—these let me riot in.

Hester. Come, Margaret, dear, some effort must be made.

What is it moves you so? Your love for Franklyn,

If love it were, seemed but so small a spark

That your mere will might tread it out at once.

Out with it, then, since fate will have it so.

Look back no more. The future take, and make;

Another's happiness is in your hands,

A solemn trust. Clarence has much to charm

The eye and heart of woman. Talents, youth,

A winning mien, a stately graceful form,

A plant mind that you may mould at will.

Mar. Oh, yes, a toy! a pretty—woman's—toy!

Amusing for a while, then laid aside

Like toys. But Franklyn is a man! True man!

One would be led by me, who look for guidance;

The other, spite of me, would make me tread

The difficult but glorious upward life.

Ah, yes! the one I must command; the other

Would still be king of me! Would'st think it? Franklyn's

The only man that never flattered me.

When all that swarm of painted summer flies

Came floating round me, murmuring of love
So gently, as they feared the very breath
Of their own voices would shake off their bloom,
I would you had seen him—heard him. Then 'twas
He let into my soul the daylight pure,
And the rough honest plainly-speaking breeze,
Taught me I had a mind. Ah, now he adds
The knowledge of a heart.

Hester. You do not mean—
Mar. I do! I do! Away all vain disguise!
Let who will hear me! All my soul cries out,
Franklyn, I love thee! Love thee! I do love thee!
Hester (graciously). Nay—Margaret!

Mar. Franklyn! I say, too well I love thee
To give thee such a wife.
Hester (severely). Why, Margaret—this—
Mar. I know what you would say,—and you may say it
After a little while. Let me but taste
This cup delicious! Cry but once—once more—
Franklyn, I love thee!

All is over! Burst,
My heart's brimmed fountain! It shall run till dry;
That will be soon, for no springs nourish it.
There! I am calm! I smile! Accept my lot!
Believe me, never more through these firm lips—
Firm though they quiver—shall the secret pass,
The dread, sweet secret you have heard just now.

Hester. Poor lips,—how white they are!
Mar. White! Are they white?

At the soul's gates already stand the mutes,
Announcing death within. Well—kiss me—come!

One fault compromised somewhat the effect of the above scene. The revelation made in it had too much the air of a surprise. The character of Franklyn, as developed in the previous scenes, had not expressly justified this description:—it had not been expressed, though it might have been implied. The sympathy of the audience was accordingly scarcely up to the mark. The triumph achieved was mainly due to the actress, and well it was so, for the rest of the *personae* were but ill realized. Mr. Barry Sullivan was not equal to the hero, and endeavoured to supply his physical deficiencies by exaggeration of manner; and one part, that of *Freelove*, with whom rested the motive plotting of the general action, was entrusted to a novice who failed to make the business which he had to transact intelligible. Mr. Howe, in the character of the artist, was, next to Miss Faucit, the most intelligent representative, and indeed in some situations was remarkably successful. Miss Swanborough, too, in the subordinate heroine, *Julia*, was occasionally pathetic. On the whole, however, the play derived no advantage from the players, and its success was due to its intrinsic merits, struggling through a mass of difficulties and a series of perils such as seldom have transpired in our experience. Some of these pertained to defects of structure, but more to the incapacity of the performers. In fact, the company is wanting in heavy material, and there was a general want of weight in the executants of this drama. The usual ovations at the conclusion, however, were awarded to author and actors;—and Miss Faucit was especially honoured by two recalls. As to the eventual success of the piece on the stage it is impossible to speak until we have seen it decently acted.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—So universal and well-grounded seems to be the dissatisfaction expressed at the appointment of Sir F. B. Osseley to the Oxford Professorship, vacated by the death of Sir H. R. Bishop, that we return to the subject. The "tuft," so far as we can perceive, is the deciding justification for the appointment of the clerical Baronet,—supposing him admitted to be competent to examine exercises and to confer degrees. We have learnt, since our former paragraph on this appointment was written, that residence at Oxford can hardly be possible to Sir F. B. Osseley, since he already holds a minor canonry in Hereford Cathedral, and, moreover, is busily interested in the building of a new church, to which, we presume, his pastoral services will be devoted. It might have been hoped that, at least, one good result might have arisen from the formation of that party in our English church, to which Sir F. B. Osseley is understood to belong,—some development of earnestness in religious Art. Can this be compatible with an appointment accepted under circumstances which make it a sinecure? There is at present a wide field for a Professor of taste and intelligence in Oxford. The old-fashioned collegiate contempt for aught more melodious than Alcaics and Iam-

bies has passed away in favour of an enlightened interest in music. This must be as well known to the Rev. Sir F. B. Ouseley as to ourselves. We shall be glad to find such knowledge conscientiously acted on by him; but the difficulties in his way seem to be great, and the discontent excited on the occasion, we repeat, is wide and general.

M. Berlioz, in his *feuilleton* on M. Auber's last opera, skims, as lightly as *Camilla's* self, over the music, pronouncing it to be richer in fancy and detail than many of its composer's later operas, and bestowing "the lion's share" of his space to the *libretto*.—A week or two since, when we announced the title of M. Scribe's last piece of operatic handiwork, as 'Jenny Bell,' we were ignorant of the rumour which Paris, it appears, has accepted,—to the effect, that the new opera is a tribute to Madame Goldschmidt,—even as MM. Scribe and Auber's 'L'Ambassadrice' had been a tribute to Madame Sontag-Rossi. We do not, however, imagine, that this musical drama will keep the stage so long as that one does,—with its comical scenes of *Madame Barnack* over her breakfast, the wiles of the spiteful *Charlotte*, and the love of the sentimental *Benedict*,—with its capital singing lesson, and its delicious melody—

"Que ces murs coquets."

It appears, however, that the Swedish original (if Swedish original there has been, as M. Berlioz hints) need not complain of being misrepresented, or of too direct a portraiture in the drama devoted to her. She is represented as everything that is brave, charming, and clever. Further, the new opera seems contrived "a double debt to pay." By way of falling in with the humour of alliance betwixt the two great countries which just now prevails, *Jenny Bell* is made an English songstress, who sings a variation on 'Rule Britannia' and another on 'God save the King.' She is personated by Mdlle. Duprez.

For some of the most agreeable and instructive musical reading of the time (as we have already had occasion to point out) we are indebted to the musical composers of France, and among these, to men so busy over their notes that they must have small time for letters. Some years ago we paraphrased a lively interesting paper on music in Russia, which was contributed to a Russian periodical by M. Adolphe Adam. Now we call attention to a monograph on Monsigny the composer by him, which appeared in the *Revue Contemporaine* of the 31st ultimo.

Good artists, like good wine, need "no bush." Puffery cannot help them, prejudice cannot keep them back. A couple of months ago, the world of Paris was shrugging its shoulders at the idea of Italian tragedy holding its ground one hour in the French capital. We now read that *Signora Ristori*, on the strength of the impression produced by her in only two dramas, has been invited to fill Madame Rachel's throne at the *Théâtre Français*,—the *Signora* being, it is added, a thorough mistress of the French language. The invitation, however, seems to have wrought a miracle with Madame Rachel, who has chosen to re-appear in the part of *Camille* on the anniversary of Corneille's birthday; and, it is now said, will probably come back and behave in her theatre as an artist should—fill Mdlle. Ristori is safe on the other side of the Alps again. This is paltry work;—and no artist, assuredly, has acted towards her public, her comrades, and her authors, less generously than this great actress.

We perceive that the re-appearance of Mrs. Sterling is announced to take place on Wednesday next at the *Olympic Theatre*, when she will take the part of *Lady Teazle* to Mr. Wigan's *Joseph Surface*, on the occasion of that gentleman's benefit.—Mrs. Escott, the American *cantatrice*, the mention of whom with praise by several of the Neapolitan journals was noticed in these columns, is announced in the opera-bills of Drury Lane, as rehearsing the part of *Elena* in 'La Donna del Lago.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. R.—A.—C. H. F.—J. N.—G.—J. B. L.—It is replied.—W. S.—K. O.—received.
The Correspondent who has been good enough to send us a copy of the *Athenæum*, with pencil marks, is requested to observe that all the passages marked are *Sydney Smith's* own—not ours.

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The effects of this have naturally been unfavourable to periodical literature. We are far from denying the excellent tone, taste, and temper, the great information, the high and available literary talent which characterize many of its introductions; but we believe they suffer from the state of the parties of which they are the organs—they are marked by a want of steady adherence to sustained principles, of consistent and strict deductions, of defined and searching discussion.

On religious subjects especially we think it painfully evident, that there is not at present in this country any adequate organ for the expression and instruction of the many minds which are trying to combine, with a habit of free inquiry, the faithful adherence to realized and definite truth. The very aim at comprehensive principles is not recognized in most quarters; and in others the feeling of real and true existence of objects for reverence, seem to be altogether disregarded.

The selection of our name is no accident. Having a rooted faith in all indigenous products of thought and feeling, we conceive that too foreign a cast has been imparted to the character of our Christianity by the historical accidents of its introduction into this country. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism is the growth of English soil; and probably not till Christian truth has shaped itself afresh under the home conditions of affection and character, will the religious *malaise* of our society cease. The NATIONAL REVIEW will interpret, it is believed, the deliberate faith of most cultivated English laymen, however now scattered among different churches,—a faith that fears no reality, and will permanently endure no fiction. No one who recognizes in Historic Christianity God's highest witness and revelation, can suppose that the world and its human mains, or ever were, abandoned by their Divine and living guide; and we believe that to ignore or to disown the traces of His agency in the excellence and truth of every age, is not piety, but treason to His spirit. To preserve, our treatment of philosophical or historical theology, the tone of reverence which is due to the earnest convictions of others, will be to us no artificial self-restraint, but the expression of natural disposition. With two things only, in this relation, we profess to keep no terms—the concerted Judæism, which, as its humour changes, puns or persecutes all faiths alike; and the insolent dogmatism, which treats the truth as a private and exclusive property. Believing that in this country, amid all the clamour of sects, the Religion of widest range and deepest seat is as yet without a voice, we have, in this department of our work, to help it into adequate expression.

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We think, however, that even here there is room for a more constant reference to general principle than is now usual in this country. Many of our most influential organs seem to us to read into discussions of business and detail, which may be useful in the narrow circles of official and merely political society, but are scarcely suited to the pursuit of thoughtful and able men in the country at large, whose occupations prevent their following the minutiae of transitory discussion, but who wish to be guided to general conclusions on important topics, and whose inalienable influence on public opinion makes it most important to give them the means of arriving at just conclusions.

We conceive the office of theory in such matters not to be, as was once thought, the elaborate construction of paper constitutions for all ages and all countries; but rather to ascertain and clearly define the conditions under which the various national characters and institutions have developed themselves; and to deduce, if possible, with fullness and sequence the rationale of the suitability of each polity to its appropriate nation. We would neither confine our political sympathies at home, nor carry our political doctrines ruthlessly and indiscriminately abroad. We feel no vocation for any sort of cosmopolitan propagandism, which would merge the distinctions of Race in the common features of Humanity; and would assume that what is good for us must be good for all, without regard to intrinsic character or historic antecedents. But we do acknowledge and will enforce those mutual claims of sympathy and duty between nations which no division of the great human family can guiltlessly evade, believing that the virtue and well-being of States is forfeited, not fostered, by selfish exclusiveness, as surely as the equanimity of business and detail, which may be useful in the narrow circles of official and merely political society, but are scarcely suited to the pursuit of thoughtful and able men in the country at large, whose occupations prevent their following the minutiae of transitory discussion, but who wish to be guided to general conclusions on important topics, and whose inalienable influence on public opinion makes it most important to give them the means of arriving at just conclusions.

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